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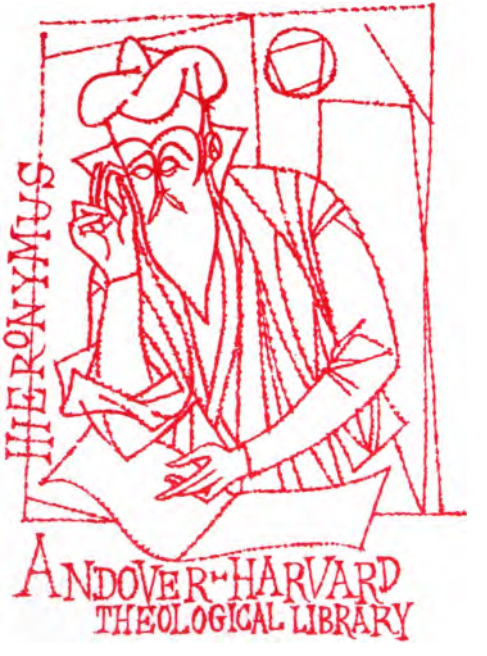
The Book of Easter

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With an Introduction by the
Rt. Revd W. C. Doane
and Drawings by
George Wharton Edwards

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THE BOOK OF EASTER

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INTRODUCTION

OUR "Book of Easter" is constructed along the successive lines of the table of contents: "Before the Dawn"; "Easter Days"; "Easter Hymns."

I. There can be no truer instance of the darkest hour before the dawn than the dreariness and distress of the first so-called "Good Friday." What the two disciples said to the Master as they walked to Emmaus on the night of Easter Day tells the story: "We trusted that it had been He that should have redeemed Israel"; and still more, the cry of the broken-hearted Magdalen uttered in the ear of the yet undetected and undiscovered Christ, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." There was some reason then, as there is not now, for the utterly dreary and hopeless feeling about death; and the death of such an one as Jesus Christ was, to those who loved Him and knew Him, had in it every element of desolation and disconsolateness, — the darkest of midnight hours; but it was *very early* in the morning that Easter light and hope were to dawn.

II. The Scripture story of Easter needs careful study to avoid confusion that seems almost at times to be contradiction. Really and truly, it grows out of the piling up, from different sources and from different points of view, of the tremendous mass of accumulated evidence which proves the Easter story absolutely true. And it certainly must be borne in mind that the reading is not

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complete until St. Paul's argument and witness are added to the Gospel story. The tremendous reality which in the first place satisfied the intimate affection of St. John and St. Mary of Magdala, and then arrested and converted the ingrained and intense hostility of Saul, has in it a witness of its power.

III. The Easter hymns and carols set themselves and sing themselves to joyous and triumphant tunes. The analogies in nature, read as we read them since Easter Day, are prophecies and parables of the great Easter fact. The poets of the older time used these analogies as meaning that, while springtime brought life to the withered flowers, that they should rise again to the fragrance of a new life, the buried man — St. Paul did not hesitate to say the *planted* man — had no resurrection.

Nothing is so natural, so usual, so universal, so inevitable and so irresistible, so indefinable and so inexplicable, as Easter, or that for which it stands, coming from the old Saxon *oster*, rising. The book of Easter is written every spring over all the earth, in greening grass and budding trees and springing flowers, and the carol of Easter is the song of the home-coming birds. As a *word* it has not a rightful place anywhere in Holy Scripture, the word in the original which it pretends to translate being *pascha;* but the *feast* is of immemorial observance in the Christian Church, and through it, without canon or enactment of any sort, the first day became, instead of the seventh, the day of the week to be kept holy, and the Lord's Day became the substitute for the Jewish Sabbath.

Of course there is no such universal appeal about the keeping of Easter as about the keeping of Christmas; but it has been growing and spreading in its observance for

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many years, until now it is kept quite as much in certain ways by the great Protestant churches, who used to ignore it, as by the Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians. This may be explained on many grounds, but it must be recognized that but for Easter, Christmas would have been an empty unreality. If the manger cradle had emptied itself into the garden tomb, with either its stone unmoved or its seal unbroken, or with no evidence from its opened mouth that the body which had lain in it had risen in a recognizable reality, the cradle would have been forgotten, and Christmas would have been an unknown and unkept feast.

There is a certain element, too, of personality and picturesqueness about Christmas which is more or less lacking in our keeping of Easter; and the personality is that of a little Baby, which lays instant hold on the heart of humanity. In this point specially we realize that while angels heralded the birth of the little Baby and brought the shepherds to the stable, while the new star lighted itself in the sky to lead the wise men to the Holy Child, there was no announcement or outward visible sign of the actual rising; but silently and secretly, just before the day broke, with no mortal eye to see and no witness to describe, He rose again from the dead. And it was only known by the fact that when the watchers came to bring the embalming spices, the stone was rolled away and the tomb was empty, and the angel message was, "He is not here: He is risen." One dislikes the element of fashionable frivolity which has come to mark some people's keeping of the Easter feast; but, apart from that, as the city shops and streets break out into fragrant and beautiful bloom, one realizes the close kinship between heavenly and spiritual things and things material and earthly.

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Like the book of Christmas, the book of Easter has in it the element of mystery and marvel. The Christmas mystery is defined in the Creed and *explained*, "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." The Easter mystery is defined, but unexplained, in just a short, strong, simple assertion, "The third day He rose again from the dead"; and this tremendous fact, on which the truth of Christianity as a religion depends, has as its corollary "I believe in the resurrection of the body. I look for the resurrection of the dead." They are statements of two very widely different facts.

We manufacture most of our difficulties about believing in the resurrection of the body, because our minds are so material that we attach a false meaning to words. The body means to us this composite creation of bone and muscle, flesh and blood, with all its aches and pains. This is not the body that shall rise again. This has not in it the possibility of the resurrection from the dead that we look for. It would not be a resurrection from the dead, because it is a body of mortality which has in it the possibility and the necessity of dying. God is not saving up and storing the dust, that He may collect out of it and put together again bones and sinews and muscles and bits of flesh. Resurrection means the coming back to the immortal life of the collective personality, with all its physical faculties and attributes, having shed its mere fleshiness; as a grain of corn sheds its hard shell, a butterfly its chrysalis, a silkworm its cocoon, and a bird its discarded egg, to be no more chrysalis or shell or cocoon or egg, but to be that for which these were but temporary coverings, the true life being all the while within. This is the resurrection of mercy; the other would be only the resurrection of misery.

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And this is not miraculous — to use a foolish word that only means a wonder, — because there is no wonder about it; nor is it supernatural, — to use a still more foolish word, — because we do not know the "metes and bounds" of nature and cannot say, therefore, what lies beyond them. It is perfectly natural. Every planted thing that has in it a germ of life must come to life again. It is almost the law of life that it comes after and through and by means of death. That very living and enlivening thing which has a touch of Easter in its name, *yeast*, is produced by fermentation, and fermentation is a process of decay.

St. Paul asserts these two truths in the strong and stirring words of his argument to the Corinthians: "Thou[1] fool, that which *thou* sowest is not quickened except it die"; and, "Thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, . . . but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him and to every seed his own body."

So much for *our* future and final Easter; but the Lord Christ's Easter was very different from this. It has in it the miracle, the wonder, the mystery, not in its fact but in its manner, because He laid aside, rejected and discarded, the means by which most dead and buried things come back to life. He rose again in the identical body in which He had lived and died on earth. One cannot go behind the plain reiterated statement of this without denying the Gospels and discrediting Christ. Like many other things, the credulity of unbelief makes and accepts far more incredible things than are demanded of intelligent faith. This would make the manhood of Christ to have consisted only of His human soul. It would leave the body in which the soul dwelt for thirty years unaccounted

[1] 1 Cor. xv.

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for, or it would make the body in which our Lord was on earth for forty days an apparition. "Behold and see," our Lord said, "that it is I myself. Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have."

That all this is difficult to define and impossible to explain means nothing except that it is a mystery; but somehow or other the actual, identical, physical reality, the hands and the feet and the wounds and the voice and the words and the habits, whether reconcilable or not, must be taken as true; while at the same time the tomb was empty and the old preresurrection body was not there. In this sense of absolute sameness, with what St. Gregory calls "a subtle sublimation," we believe that our Lord rose again from the dead on the third day.

Bishop Westcott speaks of the "mysterious awfulness about His Person which first inspires fear and then claims adoration." "Thus Christ is seen to be changed, but none the less He is also seen to be essentially the same. Nothing has been left in the grave though all has been transfigured. He is the same, so that the marks of the Passion can become sensibly present to the doubting Thomas; the same, so that He can eat of the broiled fish which the disciples had prepared; the same, so that one word spoken with the old accent makes Him known to the weeping Magdalene; the same, so that above all expectation, and against the evidence of death, the Apostles could proclaim to the world that He who suffered upon the cross had indeed redeemed Israel; the same, in patience, in tenderness, in chastening reproof, in watchful sympathy, in quickening love." And this is the mystery, the marvel, the truth, the triumph, the greatness and the glory of Easter.

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There are some few perfectly simple, plain, practical, positive lessons which grow out of it. For instance, our own lives ought to be the lives of people who, having died to sin, have risen to righteousness, the same in character, only lifted up to new heights of dignity and duty. And the picture of the great forty days, during which our Lord remained on earth between the Resurrection and the Ascension, presents to us what ought to be the portrait of every life, whether it is of the man converted from sin, or of the child, *growing* from the beginning grace of its regeneration, through sanctification, to conformity with the likeness of our risen Lord.

WM. CROSWELL DOANE.

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
INTRODUCTION	*William Croswell Doane*	v

I

BEFORE THE DAWN

How the Ancients thought of Death		
There is Hope of a Tree	*From the Book of Job*	5
I said, I shall not see the Lord	*From the Book of Hezekiah*	5
Wonders are Many	*From Sophocles' "Antigone"*	6
The Eleusinian Mysteries and Later Outgrowths	*Anonymous*	6
The Dead Pan	*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*	9
Dies Iræ	*Trans. by William T. Irons*	13
The Crucifixion	*From the Fourth Gospel*	15
Stabat Mater Dolorosa	*Jacopone da Todi*	17
Christ Crucified	*Alfred Noyes*	19
To keep a True Lent	*Robert Herrick*	20
Old Good Friday Customs	*Folk Lore*	21
Hot Cross Buns		
Chelsea Bun-houses	*William Hone*	22
The Clear Spring Dawn is Breaking	*Eliza Cook*	23
Hanging Judas in Mexico	*C. Bryson-Taylor*	25
The Processions of Passion Week in Seville	*Katharine Lee Bates*	26
In the Sistine Chapel	*Hans Andersen*	41

II

EASTER DAYS

The Resurrection	*From the Fourth Gospel*	49
The Primitive Easter Play	*Katharine Lee Bates*	51

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
The Passion Play at Oberammergau	*Canon Farrar*	54
Quaint Easter Customs		
The Easter Sepulchre	*Compiled*	64
Easter Eve	*Barnabe Googe*	66
Easter Eggs	*Emilianne*	67
The Fête of the Eggs, France	*The Mirror*	68
The Easter Hare	*Anonymous*	69
Customs of Easter Week	*Brand's "Antiquities"*	71
The Bells of the Kremlin	*A. J. C. Hare*	73
Easter in Jerusalem, 1835	*A. W. Kinglake*	75
In Rome under the Old Papal Régime	*Lady Butler*	84
Easter in Greece	*Theodore T. Bent*	87
When the Dead return in Japan	*Mary Crawford Fraser*	91
Egg-rolling in Washington	*Anonymous*	93
On the Island of Ischia	*Sybil Fitzgerald*	95
The Russian Easter	*The Saturday Review*	97

III

EASTER HYMNS

An Easter Carol	*William Croswell Doane*	105
Lord of the Living	*William Croswell Doane*	106
Risen	*Frederick L. Hosmer*	107
Jesus Christ is risen To-day	*Lyra Davidica*	108
The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done	*Francis Pott*	109
Through the Long Hidden Years	*W. Chatterton Dix*	110
Eastertide	*Archer T. Gurney*	110
Christ is Risen! lift the Song	*Trans. of an Old Latin Hymn*	112
The World Itself keeps Easter Day	*John Mason Neale*	113
Ye Happy Bells of Easter Day	*Adapted by R. R. Chope*	115
Christ the Lord is risen To-day	*Charles Wesley*	116
Morn's Roseate Hues	*William Cooke*	117
Easter Week	*Charles Kingsley*	118

Digitized by Google

PAGE
The Tempest Over and Gone . . *Christina G. Rossetti* 119
Easter Carol *George N. Lovejoy* 120

IV

EASTER STORIES

The Myth of Demeter and Persephone . *Walter Pater* 125
The Odour of the Ointment *Zona Gale* 136
Easter Eggs *Christoph Schmidt* 157
Easter Eve *Vladimir Korolenko* 175
The Ballad of Judas Iscariot . . *Robert Buchanan* 184
The Easter Vision . . . *Hamilton Wright Mabie* 188

V

GOLDEN TRUMPETS

Easter Music *Margaret Deland* 197
Surprise *Maltbie D. Babcock* 197
A Violet *Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney* 198
An Easter Lily *Charles G. D. Roberts* 199
Blessing the Fields
The Roman Ambarvalia . . . *Walter Pater* 199
Rogation Days in France *C. L.-S.* 203
Blessing the Fields in Italy . . *Lina Duff Gordon* 205
The Eternal Spring *John Milton* 208
An Easter Love Song *Ella Higginson* 208
The Spring Chorus *A. G. Swinburne* 209
April *Robert Browning* 210
Little Boy Blue *Alfred Noyes* 211
An Old-fashioned Spring *E. P. Powell* 212
Spring *Alfred Tennyson* 215
In Springtide *Lewis Morris* 216
The Easter Robin . . *Alexander F. Chamberlain* 217

Digitized by Google

PAGE

A Group of Spring Songs
A Song of Waking . . . *Katharine Lee Bates* 217
What Will the Violets Be? . . *William C. Gannett* 219
Green Things Growing . . *Dinah Mulock Craik* 219
"Is Life Worth Living?" . . . *Alfred Austin* 220
The Spring Call *Thomas Hardy* 221
Robin's Come . . . *William W. Caldwell* 222
An Apple Orchard in the Spring . *William Martin* 223
Song from "Pippa Passes" . . *Robert Browning* 224

VI

AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST!

"Their Eyes were Opened" . *From the Gospel of Luke* 229
The Life Abundant *Hibbert Lectures* 231
Consolation *Elizabeth B. Browning* 232
Immortality *Matthew Arnold* 233
Angels to Be *Leigh Hunt* 233
New Life *Susan Coolidge* 234
Sweet Day, so Cool and Bright . . *George Herbert* 235
The Central Truth of Paul's Gospel . . *Bernard Lucas* 236
"The Great Companion is Dead" . . *John Hunter* 239
The Hope of Death *Henry Vaughan* 240
Easter Day *Robert Browning* 241
Easter Morning *Edmund Spenser* 242
The Awakening *Ella Higginson* 242
An Easter Message *Lyman Abbott* 244
Easter *Richard Watson Gilder* 245

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LIST OF PLATES

The Resurrection	*Rembrandt*	*Frontispiece*	
			PAGE
Descent from the Cross	*Rubens*	*facing*	16
Holy Women at the Tomb	*Plockhorst*	„	40
An Easter Procession, France	*From a Photograph*	„	56
Awake, Thou that Sleepest!	*Fra Angelico*	„	80
Easter Carols	*Anderson*	„	96
Easter Morning	*Von Uhde*	„	112
The Coming of Spring	*From a Photograph*	„	136
Paradise	*Fra Angelico*	„	160
Blessing the Fields	*Breton*	„	188
Viewing the Plum Blossoms, Japan	*Du Cane*	„	216
The Saviour in Glory	*Veronese*	„	240

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I

BEFORE THE DAWN

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BEFORE THE DAWN

How the Ancients thought of Death
The Eleusinian Mysteries and Later Outgrowths
The Dead Pan
Dies Iræ
The Crucifixion
Stabat Mater
Christ Crucified
To keep a True Lent
Old Good Friday Customs
Hot Cross Buns
Hanging Judas in Mexico
The Processions of Passion Week in Seville
In the Sistine Chapel

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The Land of Forgetfulness

WILT thou show wonders to the dead?
Shall they that are deceased arise and praise thee?
Shall thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave?
Or thy faithfulness in Destruction?
Shall thy wonders be known in the dark?
And thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

From the *Psalms of David*

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How the Ancients thought of Death

FOR there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again,
And that the tender branch thereof will not cease.
Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,
And the stock thereof die in the ground;
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.
But man dieth, and wasteth away:
Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?
As the waters fail from the sea,
And the river decayeth and drieth up,
So man lieth down and riseth not:
Till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake,
Nor be roused out of their sleep.

From the *Book of Job*

I SAID, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord in the land of the living:
I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world.
Mine age is removed, and is carried away from me as a shepherd's tent:
I have rolled up like a weaver my life; he will cut me off from the loom:
From day even to night wilt thou make an end of me . . .
For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee:
They that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth.

From the *Book of Hezekiah*

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WONDERS are many, and none is more wonderful than man; the power that crosses the white sea, driven by the stormy south wind, making a path under surges that threaten to engulf him; and Earth, the eldest of the gods, the immortal, the unwearied, doth he wear, turning the soil with the offspring of horses, as the ploughs go to and fro from year to year.

And the light-hearted race of birds, and the tribes of savage beasts, and the sea-brood of the deep, he snares in the meshes of his woven toils, he leads captive, man excellent in wit. And he masters by his arts the beast whose lair is in the wilds, who roams the hills; he tames the horse of shaggy mane, he puts the yoke upon its neck, he tames the tireless mountain bull.

And speech, and wind-swift thought, and all the moods that mould a state, hath he taught himself; and how to flee the arrows of the frost, when 'tis hard lodging under the clear sky and the arrows of the rushing rain; yea, he hath resource for all; without resource he meets nothing that must come: only against Death shall he call for aid in vain.

From Sophocles' *Antigone*, translated by R. C. JEBB

The Eleusinian Mysteries and Later Outgrowths

LONG and hot have been the discussions as to the origin of spring festivals between those who claim, for example, that the spring rites at Eleusis can be traced to an Egyptian origin, and those who insist that any such adoption by one race from another was rare in mythology, and that such resemblances spring rather from a universal inclination to certain forms of worship. Eleusis, which means the place of "coming," was not at first a name attached to one locality rather than another, and it was

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the very commonness of these early festivals which made the singling out of one place where they were celebrated difficult. Though they seem to have existed from earliest times, it is not until the growing supremacy of Athens drew into prominence the Attic celebrations that we find frequent mention of these old rehearsals of the perennial miracle of the return of spring, the reclothing of the Earth in greenery after its faded robes had been stripped away and hidden by Winter. In these early myths and songs are the foundation of all drama. The desire for expression of the two great emotions attributed to Nature, her sorrow when the sun is withdrawn, and her joy when the fruitful season of growth begins again, is poetically developed with repetition into the dramatic myth of Demeter and Persephone. The Norsemen, too, had their celebrations of the death of the earth in winter, or, in the northernmost regions, the extinction of the sun itself for the coldest months, and our very name of Easter is taken from the Norse. But in that country behind the later season myth lies an even more primitive myth of light and dark. A little later in the year Balder's bale-fires are lit at sundown and kept burning through a night; with wider significance in Greece, Demeter, seeking Persephone, hurries over the earth with a torch in her hand. In later days the festival came, with the growth of agriculture, to be overshadowed by the rejoicings of the harvest season, and by the autumn celebration of the mysteries of the earth-goddess. In the beginning she had not been separated from the divinity of spring, who, having wandered for nine months, at last returns bringing new life and warmth and sunshine to the waiting earth. Therefore the Greeks celebrated the Eleusinian mysteries with processions of

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veiled figures with torches moving from side to side in mimic search for the lost Persephone. So down through the years the festival of the divinity of spring, whom the Norsemen called Ostara or Eastre, was especially the season of new birth; whence arose the custom of baptizing at Easter and also the symbolism of the Easter egg. The coloring of these eggs, red and yellow, may have been in reference to the Easter fire, or else to the sun. At Easter the hearth-fire was lighted afresh, and in many European countries even now the peasants carry candles to be lit and blessed at the altar, guarding the flame that from it the home fire may be rekindled on Easter morning. Easter bonfires are kindled on all the hills, since witches are banned so far as an Easter fire sheds its light. Around these fires the youths and girls who hope for marriage during the coming year must dance three (or nine) times or give three leaps over the flame. May-pole dances also may have had their origin in these same spring rites of Eleusis, for the rhythmic interlacing circles of figures holding the bright-colored ribands recall inevitably the measured torch-light dance of Eleusis, the search from side to side for lost Persephone. In these modern days where once the image of Demeter would have been borne, that of the Virgin is now, as in the Middle Ages, carried about to bless the fields. The days set apart are the Rogation Days, and on one of them or on Ascension Day is celebrated the old ceremony of decorating with fresh flowers the wells or springs in token of the returning flow. In Brittany in old days the choirs of the churches, headed by the priest, made, and possibly still make, solemn procession with garlands and chanting to the near-by fountains.

Anonymous

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The Dead Pan

GODS of Hellas, gods of Hellas!
Can ye listen in your silence?
Can your mystic voices tell us
Where ye hide? In floating islands
With a wind that evermore
Keeps you out of sight of shore?
Pan, Pan is dead.

* * * * *

Gods bereavèd, gods belated, —
With your purples rent asunder!
Gods discrowned and desecrated;
Disinherited of thunder!
Now, the goats may climb and crop
The soft grass on Ida's top —
Now, Pan is dead.

Calm of old, the bark went onward,
When a cry more loud than wind,
Rose up, deepened, and swept sunward,
From the pilèd Dark behind:
And the sun shrank and grew pale,
Breathed against by the great wail —
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the rowers from the benches
Fell, — each shuddering on his face, —
While departing Influences
Struck a cold back through the place;
And the shadow of the ship
Reeled along the passive deep —
Pan, Pan is dead.

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And that dismal cry rose slowly,
And sank slowly through the air;
Full of spirit's melancholy
And eternity's despair!
And they heard the words it said —
PAN IS DEAD — GREAT PAN IS DEAD —
PAN, PAN IS DEAD.

'Twas the hour when One in Sion
Hung for love's sake on a cross —
When His brow was chill with dying,
And His soul was faint with loss;
When His priestly blood dropped downward,
And His kingly eyes looked throneward —
Then, Pan was dead.

By the love He stood alone in,
His sole Godhead stood complete;
And the false gods fell down moaning,
Each from off his golden seat —
All the false gods with a cry
Rendered up their deity —
Pan, Pan was dead.

Wailing wide across the islands,
They rent, vest-like, their Divine!
And a darkness and a silence
Quenched the light of every shrine;
And Dodona's oak swang lonely
Henceforth, to the tempest only —
Pan, Pan was dead.

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Before the Dawn

Pythia staggered, — feeling o'er her,
Her lost god's forsaking look,
Straight her eyeballs filmed with horror,
And her crispy fillets shook;
And her lips gasped through their foam,
For a word that did not come —
Pan, Pan was dead.

O ye vain false gods of Hellas,
Ye are silent evermore!
And I dash down this old chalice,
Whence libations ran of yore.
See! the wine crawls in the dust
Wormlike — as your glories must,
Since Pan is dead.

* * * * *

Earth outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in youth;
And those debonair romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus' chariot-course is run!
Look up, poets, to the sun!
Pan, Pan is dead.

Christ hath sent us down the angels;
And the whole earth and the skies
Are illumed by the altar-candles
Lit for blessèd mysteries;
And a Priest's hand through creation,
Waveth calm and consecration —
And Pan is dead.

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Truth is fair: should we forego it?
Can we sigh right for a wrong?
God Himself is the best Poet,
And the Real is His Song.
Sing His truth out fair and full,
And secure His beautiful —
Let Pan be dead!

Truth is large. Our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be.
Shame! to stand in His creation
And doubt Truth's sufficiency! —
To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling —
When Pan is dead.

What is true and just and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure —
All of praise that hath admonisht, —
All of virtue, shall endure:
These are themes for poets' uses,
Stirring nobler than the Muses —
Ere Pan was dead.

O brave poets, keep back nothing,
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty!
Pan, Pan is dead.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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Dies Iræ

DIES Iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla
Teste David cum Sybilla.

DAY of wrath! oh, day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

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King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

Think, good Jesu, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

Thou the sinful woman saved'st;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

A Latin Hymn of the Thirteenth Century,
translated by Rev. Wm. T. Irons, 1849

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The Crucifixion

THEY took Jesus therefore: and he went out, bearing the cross for himself, unto the place called "The place of a skull," which is called in Hebrew "Golgotha": where they crucified him, and with him two others, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst. And Pilate wrote a title also, and put it on the cross. And there was written,

"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews."

This title therefore read many of the Jews: for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and in Latin, and in Greek. The chief priests of the Jews therefore said to Pilate, "Write not, The King of the Jews; but, that he said, I am King of the Jews." Pilate answered, "What I have written I have written."

The soldiers therefore, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also the coat; now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore one to another, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be: that the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith,

They parted my garments among them,
And upon my vesture did they cast lots.

These things therefore the soldiers did. But there were standing by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, "Woman, behold thy son!" Then saith he to the disciple, "Behold thy mother!" And from that hour the disciple took her unto his own home.

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After this Jesus, knowing that all things are now finished, that the scripture might be accomplished, saith, "I thirst." There was set there a vessel full of vinegar: so they put a sponge full of the vinegar upon hyssop, and brought it to his mouth. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar he said, "It is finished," and he bowed his head, and gave up his spirit.

The Jews therefore, because it was the Preparation, that the bodies should not remain on the cross upon the sabbath (for the day of that sabbath was a high day) asked of Pilate that their legs might be broken; and that they might be taken away. The soldiers therefore came, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him: but when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs: howbeit one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and straightway there came out blood and water.

And he that hath seen hath borne witness, and his witness is true: and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye also may believe. For these things came to pass, that the scripture might be fulfilled, *A bone of him shall not be broken.* And again another scripture saith, *They shall look on him whom they pierced.*

And after these things Joseph of Arimathæa being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, asked of Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took away his body. And there came also Nicodemus, he who at the first came to him by night, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight. So they took the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloths with the spices, as the custom of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place

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Rubens.

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

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where he was crucified, there was a garden; and in the garden a new tomb wherein was never man yet laid. There then because of the Jews' Preparation (for the tomb was nigh at hand) they laid Jesus.

From *The Fourth Gospel*

Stabat Mater Dolorosa

STABAT Mater Dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat filius
Cujus animam gementem
Contristatem et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

By the cross her sad watch keeping
Stood the maiden mother weeping
Near her dying Son and Lord;
Woe wherewith the heart is broken,
Sorrows never to be spoken,
Smote her, pierced her like a sword.

O with what vast grief oppressèd,
Bowed the more than woman blessèd,
Mother of God's only Son!
O what bitterness came o'er her,
When the dread doom passed before her
Seeing her Beloved undone!

Say can any stand by tearless
When so woebegone and cheerless
Mourns the Virgin undefiled;

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Or the rising anguish smother,
When he sees the tenderest Mother
Suffer with her suffering child?

Love's pure fountain, let me borrow
From thine anguish sense of sorrow;
Make me, Mother, mourn with thee;
Be my heart's best offerings given
Evermore to Christ in Heaven:
Let me his true servant be.

Holy Mother, draw me, win me;
Plant the Crucified within me;
Brand his wounds upon my heart;
For my sake thy Son was stricken;
With his blood my spirit quicken;
Half his agonies impart.

Let me feel thy sore affliction,
And my Master's crucifixion
Share till life's last dawn appears;
So with thee his cross frequenting,
Daily would I kneel repenting,
Meek companion of thy tears.

Pierce me with my Saviour's piercings,
Let me taste the Cross and cursings,
And for love the wine-press tread!
Through thy kindly inspiration,
Virgin, let me find salvation
In the doom of quick and dead.

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Before the Dawn

Let Christ's guardian cross attend me,
And his saving death defend me,
Cradled in his arms of love!
When the body sleeps forsaken,
Mother, let my soul awaken
In God's paradise above.

Translated from the Latin of
Jacopone da Todi by P. S. WORSLEY

Christ Crucified

CLEAR on the ghostly sky the sharp, black cross,
Bearing the lean, white, shuddering limbs, arose;
And the dark night grew darker than the depth
Of ocean with unutterable fear.
Then from a land beyond the stars it seemed
There crept a thin, sad voice that cut the heart
To hear it, for so cruelly cried the Christ
That, of the women waiting there, two fell
Fainting; but the third woman silently
With white, clenched hand clung upright to the cross;
And from her mouth a thin, bright thread of blood
Ran trickling down; then darker grew the night.
And dark beyond all hope of any dawn,
Death sank upon the Christ who cried, "My God,
My Father, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"
When over Calvary the darkness waned,
Clear on the ghostly sky the sharp, black cross
Bearing the naked, lean, white limbs arose;
And, of the two women waiting there, two slept;
But one clung closely to the bitter tree.

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Her mouth was bloody from her broken heart,
And death e'en now was laying his cold hand
Upon her brow; the twain who slept were good
And holy women; this was Magdalen.

ALFRED NOYES

To keep a True Lent

IS this a Fast, to keep
The larder Leane,
And cleane,
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to faste an houre,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and soure?

No; 'tis a Fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soule.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumcise thy life;

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Before the Dawn

To show a heart grief-rent,
 To starve thy sin,
 Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Old Good Friday Customs

AT St. Bartholomews, West Smithfield, the church-wardens proceeded to an old tomb of a lady whose name is now unknown, and threw down upon it twenty-one new shillings which were picked up by twenty-one of the oldest widows of the parish. The grave-stone was in the floor, since the will of the donor (some time before the Great Fire) had decreed that any widow who from pride would not stoop for it should have no sixpence. This was done as late as the beginning of this century.

At Allhallows, Lombard Street, the custom prescribed in the will of Peter Symonds in the year 1665 is faithfully carried out. He directed that "60 of ye youngest boys of Christ's Hospital (the Bluecoat School) should attend divine service on Good Friday morning at Allhallows Church, each to receive a new penny and a bag of raisins."

At Brighton, formerly, the entire fishing community used to engage in the amusement of skipping the rope all through the day, which was known as Hand Rope Day.

In Suffolk plain rice boiled in milk is considered the orthodox dish for Good Friday.

In nearly all the Sussex villages not only boys but grown-up and even very aged men play at marbles on Good Friday. It is considered as wrong to omit this solemn duty as to go without the Christmas pudding, etc. It seems to

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be the object of every man and boy to play marbles as much as possible; they will play in the road at the church gate till the last moment before service and begin again the instant they are out of church. Persons play at marbles on Good Friday who would never think of playing on any other day, and it seems, moreover, to be regarded as an amusement permissible on a holyday.

One writer conjectures that it might have been appointed as a Lenten sport to keep people from more boisterous and mischievous enjoyments.

Folk Lore

Hot Cross-buns

"Good Friday comes this month, the old woman runs
With one- or two-a-penny hot cross-buns,
Whose virtue is, if you believe what's said,
They'll not grow mouldy like the common bread."

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK, 1733.

IT is an old belief that the observance of the custom of eating buns on Good Friday protects the house from fire, and several other virtues are attributed to these buns. Some thirty or forty years ago pastry-cooks and bakers vied with each other for excellence in making hot cross-buns; the demand has decreased, and so has the quality of the buns. But the great place of attraction for bun-eaters at that time was Chelsea; for there were the two "royal bun-houses." Before and along the whole length of the long front of each stood a flat-roofed neat wooden portico or piazza of the width of the footpath, beneath which shelter "from summer's heat and winter's cold" crowds of persons assembled to scramble for a chance of purchasing "royal hot cross Chelsea buns" within a

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reasonable time; and several hundreds of square black tins, with dozens of hot buns on each tin, were disposed of in every hour from a little after six in the morning till after the same period in the evening of Good Friday. Those who knew what was good better than newcomers gave the preference to the "old original royal bun-house," and at which "the king himself once stopped," and who could say as much for the other? This was the conclusive tale at the door, and from within the doors, of the old original bun-house. Alas! and alack! there is that house now, and there is the house that was opened as its rival; but where are ye who contributed to their renown and custom among the apprentices and journeymen, and the little comfortable tradesmen of the metropolis, and their wives and children, where are ye? With thee hath the fame of Chelsea buns departed, and the "royal bun-houses" are little more distinguished than the humble graves wherein ye rest.

WILLIAM HONE

THE clear spring dawn is breaking, and there cometh with the ray,
The stripling boy with shining face, and dame in hodden gray;
Rude melody is breathed by all, young, old, the strong and weak;
From manhood, with its burley tone, and age with treble squeak.
Forth come the little busy Jacks, and forth come little Gills,
As thick and quick as working ants about their summer hills;

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With baskets of all shapes and makes, of every size and sort;
Away they trudge with eager step, through alley, street, and court.
A spicy freight they bear along, and earnest is their care.
To guard it like a tender thing from morning's nipping air;
And though our rest be broken by their voices shrill and clear,
There's something in the well-known cry we dearly love to hear,
'Tis old familiar music, when "the old woman runs"
With "one-a-penny, two-a-penny hot cross-buns!"
Full many a cake of dainty make has gained a good renown;
We all have lauded *gingerbread* and *parliament* done brown,
But when did luscious *banburies* or dainty *sally lunns*
E'er yield such a merry chorus theme as "one-a-penny buns!"
The pomp of palate that may be like old Vitellus fed,
Can never feast as mine did on the sweet and fragrant bread;
When quick impatience could not wait to share the early meal,
But eyed the pile of hot cross-buns, and dared to snatch and steal.
Oh! the soul must be uncouth as a Vandal's, Goth's, or Hun's,
That loveth not the melody of one-a-penny buns!

From ELIZA COOK'S *Old Cries*

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Hanging Judas in Mexico

IN North America, Mexico appears to be the only place where Judas plays the prominent part assigned him all over South America, as in Spain and Portugal. Holy Saturday is the day especially devoted to him. His effigy, made as hideous as possible — which is very hideous indeed, since his creators are endowed with the ardent imagination of their race — is placed upon funeral piles and burned with immense glee; he is flogged, hanged, and maltreated in ways without number. In the City of Mexico such hatred is particularly and picturesquely violent. On Good Friday morning booths are erected in all parts of the city, where many Judases are sold, grotesque and distorted of visage, garbed in uncouth attire. All day long images large and small are bought by men, women, and children, by dozens, by scores, by hundreds. On the morning of Holy Saturday, the city, to the believing mind, is transformed into a vast place of execution. Ropes stretch across the street from house to house; from every rope a Judas hangs, filled with straw and gunpowder, black and very ugly swaying in the sun. He is everywhere, swinging stiffly, like a three-days gibbeted corpse; hooted at, cursed in vivid Spanish with all terms of infamy and shame. But a few minutes before twelve comes a sudden hush, a rent of stillness in the blare of noise. The crowd stands listening for the signal of noon from the bell of the cathedral, waiting keenly, in strained attention; only the Judases still swing to and fro in the sunshine, passive, unconcerned. The signal comes, booming over all the city. On the instant frenzy smites the town. Every luckless Judas is cut down by yelling men and cast headlong into flames. He explodes, individually and collectively,

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with dreadful noise and much vile-smelling smoke; this is the tainted soul of him fleeing forth to hell which he has merited. His end is greeted with furious rejoicings, shouts of triumph, parting yells of defiance.

C. Bryson Taylor

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The Processions of Passion Week in Seville

THE oblong *Plaza de la Constitución*, the scene in days gone by of many a tournament, *auto de fe*, and bull-fight, is bounded on one side by the ornate Renaissance façade of the city hall, and on the other, in part, by the plain front of the court-house, before which criminals used to be done to death. Private dwellings, with their tiers of balconies, one of which had fallen to our happy lot, cross the wider end of the *plaza*, while the other opens into the brilliant street of *Las Sierpes*, too narrow for carriages, but boasting the gayest shop windows and merriest cafés of all the town.

Busy as our eyes were kept, we were able to lend ear to the explanations of our Spanish friends, who told us that the Church dignitaries, after the procession of palms, took no official part in the shows of Passion Week, although many of the clergy belonged, as individuals, to the religious brotherhoods concerned. The Church reserves its street displays for Corpus Christi. These brotherhoods, societies, of ancient origin, and connected with some church or chapel, own dramatic properties often of great intrinsic value and considerable antiquity.

For days before Holy Week one may see the members busy in the churches at the task of arranging groups of

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sacred figures, vested as richly as possible in garments of silk and velvet, with ornaments of jewels and gold, on platforms so heavy that twenty-five men, at least, are needed to carry each. These litters are escorted through the principal streets and squares of the city by their respective societies, each brotherhood having its distinctive dress. It is customary for every *cofradia* to present two pageants — the first in honor of Christ, the second, and more important, in honor of Mary, to whom chivalrous Spain has always rendered supreme homage; but sometimes the two tableaux are combined into one.

After Palm Sunday a secular quiet fell upon Seville, not broken until Wednesday. At five o'clock this March afternoon it was still so hot that few people were rash enough to move about without the shelter of parasols. Sevillian priests, sombre-robed as they were, sauntered cheerily across the *plaza* under sunshades of the gayest hues, orange, green, azure red, and usually all at once, but the shamefaced Englishmen flapped up broad umbrellas of uncompromising black. There was a breezy flutter of fans on the grand stand, the water-sellers had to fill their jars again and again, and the multitude of smokers, puffing at their paper cigarettes to cool themselves, really brought on a premature twilight.

It was nearly seven before a score of gendarmes, marching abreast, cleared the way for the procession. Then appeared, in the usual guise, some twenty feet apart, two files of those strange shapes, with high, peaked caps, whose visors descended to the breast, slowly advancing with an interval of about six feet from man to man. Their caps and frocks were black, but the long capes glowed a vivid red. They carried the customary lighted tapers, so tall

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that, when rested on the ground, they reached to the shoulder. Midway between the files walked a cross-bearer, followed by a Nazarene, who uplifted the standard of St. Andrew's Cross in red on a black ground. Bearers of other insignia of the order preceded the great litter, on which, under a golden palm tree, was represented by life-size effigies of the arrest of Christ among his disciples, St. Andrew having the foremost place. The second pageant presented by this brotherhood was accompanied by bevies of white-robed boys swinging censers and chanting anthems. Then came, in effulgence of light, the Most Holy Virgin, escorted, as if she were the earthly Queen of Spain, by a detachment of the Civil Guard, whose white trimmings and gold belts gleamed in the candle rays.

The remaining three *cofradias* that had part in the Wednesday ceremonies exhibited but one pageant each. A troop in black and gold conducted a Calvary, with Mary Mother and Mary Magdalene both kneeling at the foot of the cross, robed in the richest velvet. Figures in white, with stripes of red, came after, with a yet more costly Calvary. The well-carved crucifix rose from a gilded mound, and Our Mother of Healing wore a gold crown of exceeding price. But the third Calvary all wrought in black and gold, the colors of the brotherhood, which were repeated in standard and costume, won the plaudits of the evening. Here Longinus, a Roman centurion, mounted on a spirited horse, was in the act of piercing with his lance the Saviour's side. Amid *vivas* and *bravos* this Passion picture passed, like its predecessors, in clouds of incense and peals of solemn music. On Thursday the wearing of black was almost universal. We rummaged our shawl-straps for some poor equivalent of the Spanish black

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silks and black mantillas. The Civil Guard was more superb than ever in full-dress uniform, with red vests and white trousers. No sound of wheels was suffered within the city limits, and late arrivals had to commit their luggage to a porter and follow him on foot.

At three o'clock, in the Sagrario of the cathedral, the archbishop washed the feet of thirteen old paupers, who sat in two confronting rows, looking neat as wax and happy as honey, each dressed in a brand-new suit, with a long-fringed damask towel over his shoulder. Their old blood had been warmed by the archbishop's own wine, for they had just come from luncheon in the ecclesiastical palace, where they had been served by the highest dignitaries of the church and the proudest nobles of the city. The function of foot washing was not taken too seriously. The fat canons smiled good-humoredly on their archbishop, as his group of attendants lowered him to his knees and lifted him again before every old man in turn, and the acolytes nudged one another with boyish mirth over the rheumatic, embarrassed efforts of the beneficiaries to put on their stockings.

The first two pageants of the afternoon, those of the bull-fighters and the cigarette-makers, were awaited with special eagerness. For these Seville brotherhoods, more than thirty in all, still maintain something of the mediæval structure of the guilds. Just as in England and France, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, or thereabouts, organized companies of craftsmen used to present in Passion Week successive scenes from the life of Christ, these Spanish *cofradias* to-day maintain such general lines of division in performing a similar function. Yet any Catholic Sevillian may, if he chooses, secure admission

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to any of these societies, irrespective of occupation. The young *caballero* who chanced to be our prime source of information this Thursday afternoon was himself of a prominent family, a protégé of the archbishop, and a student of law, yet he belonged to the brotherhood of Fruit Venders, although his devotion seemed a little languid, and he had excused himself on this occasion from the long march in the breathless Nazarene garb.

The bull-fighters of Andalusia are eminently religious and are said, likewise, to be remarkable for their domestic virtues. All their manly fury is launched against the bull, and they have only gentleness left for wives and children. I have heard no better argument for the bull ring. At all events these *toreros*, marching soberly in black, with yellow belts, escorted with well-ordered solemnity an image of the crucified Christ, followed by a queenly effigy of Our Lady of Refuge, erect behind terraced ranks of candles on a flower-strewn litter, under a costly canopy of black velvet embroidered with gold. The cigarette-makers came after with their two pageants, Christ fastened to the pillar, and Our Lady of Victory.

It was, as usual, the second upon which the main expense had been lavished. A great company of acolytes, richly clad and swinging censers of pure silver, went in advance of the Virgin, and three bands of music followed her with continuous acclaim, while a regiment of soldiers attended as a guard of honor. Immediately in front of the *paso* went, surrounded by officers and aides, General Ochando, his head uncovered and his breast glittering with decorations, for the young king of Spain is a member of this *cofradia*, and had sent the distinguished military governor of the provinces, who has a palace in Se-

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ville, to represent him. Especial enthusiasm was called out by this image of Mary, for the cigarette-makers had just presented her with a new mantle at a cost of nine thousand dollars. The brothers were willingly aided by the seven thousand women who work in the immense tobacco factory, the average contribution of each donor being two *centimos* [two-fifths of a cent] a week during the preceding year. No wonder that the Virgin seemed to stand proudly upon her silvered pedestal, her gorgeous new mantle streaming out until it almost touched the head of a white-vested girl who walked barefoot close behind the litter, so fulfilling a vow made in extremity of illness.

Black and white were the banners and costumes of the third procession, very effective through the deepening dusk. Their leading pageant was a Gethsemane famous for the beauty of the carving. Christ is represented in prayer before an angel, who bears in one hand the cross and in the other the cup of bitterness, while Peter, James, and John are sleeping near their Master. These Passion groups are, with a few exceptions of still earlier date, works of the seventeenth century, the glorious period of Spanish art, the day of Murillo and Velasquez. The most and best are from the hand of the Sevillian Montañés, of chief repute in the Spanish school of polychrome sculpture, but this Gethsemane was carved by his imitator, Roldan, whose daughter, La Roldana, is accredited with the figure of the angel and with the reliefs that adorn the pedestal.

Another Virgin, who, like all the rest, seemed a scintillation of gold and jewels, swept by, and a new troop of Nazarenes, this time purple and white, passed with two august pageants, — the Descent from the Cross and the Fifth Anguish of Mary. Then came two files of ash-

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colored figures who marshalled between their rows of starry tapers, each taper bending toward its opposite, a vivid presentation of the Crowning with Thorns, and after this, their Mary of the Valley, noted for the gracious sweetness of her countenance. This image is held to be one of Montañés's masterpieces in wood-carving.

Five processions had now passed, with their two pageants each, and the hour was late, but we could not leave the balcony for anything so commonplace as dinner. Far down the street of *Las Sierpes* waved a river of lights, announcing the advent of the most ancient of all the Sevillian brotherhoods, Jesus of the Passion. The crowded *plaza* rose in reverence as the Crucifixion *paso* was borne by, and Our Lady of Mercy, too magnificent for her name, was greeted with rapturous outcries.

Just how and when and where something in the way of food was taken, I hardly know, but as this, the last of the Thursday evening processions, passed in music out to the *plaza*, a few of us made speed by a deserted side street to the cathedral. We were too late for the *Miserere*, which was just closing in that surprising hubbub, the stamping of feet and beating of canes and chairs against the floor, by which Spanish piety is wont to "punish Judas." But we took our station near by the entrance to the Royal Chapel, wherein had been erected the grand Holy Week monument, in white and gold, shaped like a temple and shining with innumerable silver lamps and taper lights.

Within this monument the Host, commonly spoken of in Spain as *Su Majestad*, had been solemnly placed the night before, much as the mediæval church used to lay the crucifix, with requiems, under the High Altar on Good Friday, and joyously bring it forth again Easter morning.

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But Spanish Catholicism is strangely indifferent to dates, burying the Host on Wednesday and celebrating the Resurrection Saturday. The processions of Friday dawn, *de madrugada*, call out great numbers of the devout, who would thus keep the last watch with their Lord. The clocks struck three as the leading pageant, a very ancient image of Christ, bearing a silver-mounted cross of tortoise-shell, halted before the Alcalde. A white banner wrought with gold heralded the Virgin, who rose, in glistening attire, from a golden lake of lights.

The wealthy *cofradia* of San Lorenzo followed in their costly habits of black velvet. They, too, conducted a pageant of Christ bearing his cross, one of the most beautiful groups of Montañés, the pedestal adorned with angels in relief. To the Christ, falling on the Via Dolorosa, the brotherhood, with the usual disregard of historic propriety, had given a royal mantle of ermine, embroidered with gold and pearls. A large company of black-clad women, carrying candles, walked behind the *paso*, on their penitential march of some eight hours. Many of them were ladies delicately bred, whose diamonds sparkled on the breast of the approaching Mary. For the Sevillian señoras are accustomed to lend their most valuable gems to their favorite Virgins for the *Semana Santa*, and San Lorenzo's Lady of Grief is said to have worn this night the worth of millions. She passed amid a great attendant throng, in such clouds of incense that the eye could barely catch the shimmer of her silver pedestal, the gleam of the golden broideries that almost hid the velvet of her mantle and the flashes and jets of light that shot from the incredible treasure of jewels that she wore.

The third troop of Nazarenes, robed in white and

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violet, bore for banner a white cross upon a violet ground. Their Christ-pageant pictured Pilate in his judgment seat in the act of condemning the Son of God to death. Jesus, guarded by armed soldiers, calmly confronts the troubled judge, at whose knee wait two little pages with a basin of water and towels.

And now came one of the most gorgeous features of the Holy Week processions — a legion of Roman soldiers, attired as never Roman soldiers were, in gold greaves and crimson tunics, with towering snow-white plumes. But a splendid show they made as, marching to drum and fife, they filed down *Las Sierpes* and stretched "in never ending line" across the *plaza*. Our most Holy Mary of Hope, who followed, wearing a fair white tunic and a gold-embroidered mantle of green, the color of the hopeful season, drowned the memory of that stern military music in a silver concert of flutes.

After this sumptuous display, the fourth band of Nazarenes, gliding through the *plaza* between night and day in their garb of black and white, could rouse but little enthusiasm, although their Crucifixion was one of the most artistic, and their Lady of the Presentation had her poorest garment of fine satin.

A pearly lustre was stealing through the sky, and the chill in the air was thinning the rows of spectators on the grand stand, when mysterious, dim-white shapes, like ghosts, bore by in utter silence a pageant of Christ fainting beneath the burden of the cross.

But soon the clamor of drums and fifes ushered in another long array of Roman soldiers, a rainbow host in red and pink and blue, crimson plumes alternating with white, and golden shields with silver. The electric lights, globed

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high overhead, took one look at this fantastic cavalcade and went out with a gasp.

It was now clear day. Canaries began to sing in their cages, and parrots to scream for chocolate. Sleepy-eyed servant-maids appeared on the balconies, and market women, leading green-laden donkeys, peered forth from the side streets into the square. The morning light made havoc with the glamour of the pageants. Something frank and practical in sunshine stripped those candle-lighted litters of their dignity. Busy people dodged through the procession lines, and one Nazarene after another might be seen slipping out of the ranks and hurrying awkwardly, in his cumbersome dress, with the half-burned taper under his arm, to the refuge of his own mosquito netting and orange tree. The tired crowd grew critical and irreverent, and openly railed upon the Virgin of this ghostly *cofradia* because her velvet mantle was comparatively plain. "Bah! how poor it is! Are we to sit here all the night for such stingy shows as that?"

But the last brotherhood in the *madrugada* processions had, with their white frocks and blue caps and capes, suited themselves to the colors of the day. The stumbling children, blind with sleep, whom fathers were already leading off the square, turned back for a drowsy gaze at the resplendent tunic of the Christ in the Via Dolorosa *paso*, a tunic claimed to be the richest of all the garments worn by the effigies of Jesus. So lovely was this trooping company in their tints of sky and cloud, bearing a great blue banner and a shining ivory cross, that they brought order and decorum with them.

The division that escorted the Virgin marched on with special steadiness, not a peaked cap drooping, nor a boyish

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acolyte faltering under the weight of his tall gilded censer. This most Holy Mary of Anguish, whose litter and canopy were all of white and gold, swept by in triumphal peals of music while the clocks were striking six. In some mental confusion, I said good night to the people I left on the balcony, and good morning to the people I met on the stairs, and ate my breakfast before I went to bed.

It seemed as if human nature could bear no more; the eyes ached with seeing, and phantasmal processions went sweeping through our dreams; yet Friday afternoon at five o'clock found our balcony like the rest, full to overflowing. Some twenty thousand people were massed in the *plaza*, and it was estimated that over one hundred thousand waited along the line of march. Our Spanish entertainers, still unrefreshed by any chance for sleep, were as gayly and punctiliously attentive to their guests as ever, from our gallant host, who presented the ladies with fragrant bouquets of roses and orange blossoms, to the little pet of the household, who at the most engrossing moments in the ceremonial would slip away from her privileged stand on a footstool against the railing to summon any member of the party who might be missing the spectacle.

The Spanish colors floated out from city hall and courthouse, but the great concourse below was all in hues of mourning, the black mantillas often falling over dresses of plain purple. The señoritas in the balconies had substituted knots of black ribbon for the customary flowers in the hair. Jet trimmings abounded, and the waving fans were black.

The coming processions, we were assured on every hand, would be the most solemn of all and the most sump-

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tuous. The habits of the Nazarenes would be of satin, silk, and velvet. The images of Christ and the Virgin would be attired with all possible magnificence of damask and ermine, gold and jewels. Brotherhood would vie with brotherhood in splendor, and one prodigy of luxury would succeed another.

The leading company, whose far-trailing robes carpeted the street with fine black velvet, stood for the olive industry. This *cofradia* had been poor and unimportant for generations, but in recent years a devoted brother, a manufacturer of olive packing barrels, had poured forth his accumulated fortune upon his society, with the result that their *pasos* are now second in ostentation and expense to none. The donor, long since too feeble to bear his taper in the line, lives in humble obscurity, but his old heart swells with joy this great day of the year when he sees, following the elaborate carving of the Crucifixion, the dazzling chariot of Our Lady of Solitude. Upon her mantle, which enjoys the proud distinction of being the very costliest of all, he has lavished twenty thousand dollars. Longer by a yard than any of the others, it was yet unable to find place for all the gold which the zealous Nazarene had given for it, and the residue was bestowed about the pedestal and canopy. The *paso* is so heavy with gold that it requires a double force of men to carry it; but each of these hidden bearers, getting air as best he can through a silver breathing-tube, is sure of a dollar for his recompense as well as two glasses of good wine.

All the adornment of the litter is of pure gold, and such wealth of jewels glinted from the Virgin's glorious raiment that a triple force of Civil Guards was detailed for her protection. Her ardent worshipper has denied her nothing.

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The very columns that uphold her canopy are exquisite in carving, and it is his yearly pride to see that her clouds of incense are the thickest, and her train of musicians the most extended, in all that glittering line.

The second *cofradia* exhibited but a single pageant, relying for effect upon the beauty of the sculpture. The Mater Dolorosa was bowed in her desolation at the foot of the Holy Rood, from which hung only the white folds of the winding sheet.

But the third brotherhood had bethought themselves to introduce between their austere crucifixion and their shining image of Mary another preposterous parade of Roman soldiers — flower-colored, plume-tossing, butterfly creatures far too bright, if not too good, "for human nature's daily food." One whiff from Cæsar's iron breast would have blown them away like soap bubbles.

The silversmiths trooped by in graver, more majestic state, their purple velvet habits girded with gold cords. Upon a gilded pedestal, wrought with high relief, was seen their Christ, bowed beneath a precious cross of tortoise-shell and silver. Our Lady of Expectation gleamed with gold gems, and this haughty brotherhood received a full meed of applause.

Black from top to toe was the fifth procession. Their Jesus of the Via Dolorosa bent beneath a sombre cross of ebony embossed with gold, but the blithe young voices of the countless choir-boys, singing like birds before the dawn, ushered in a sun-bright image of Mary.

But something was amiss with the processional order. Where were the stately ranks of Montserrat? Alas and alas! Scarcely had this aristocratic *cofradia* gone a hundred paces from their chapel when, in the narrow street of

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Murillo, a leaning candle touched the lace skirt of the Virgin and instantly all the front glitter was in flames. It was hardly a matter of minutes. From the balconies above were dashed down pailfuls and pitcherfuls of water. The Nazarenes, wrenching away the blue velvet mantle wondrously embroidered in gold with castles, lions, and *fleurs-de-lis*, succeeded in rescuing a ragged half of it, and the Civil Guards, drawing their swords and forming a circle about the smoking litter, saved the jewels from robbery. Perhaps the other *paso*, too, Christ of the Conversion of the Penitent Thief, had some protecting influence. But in all this ado about her finery the poor Virgin's face, beloved for its winsome look, was completely burned away. In sorry plight Our Lady of Montserrat was hurried back to her chapel, and the swift rumor of the disaster sent a superstitious trouble through the city.

But more and more solemnly the taper-bearing troops of Nazarenes poured by the culminating pictures of the Passion. These last three *cofradias* presented each single pageant. An escort in dark purple conducted an impressive Descent from the Cross. The Virgin, her crowned head bowed in anguish, clasps the drooping body of Christ to her heart, while John and Mary Magdalene look on in hopeless sorrow. Figures in black and white came after, with their sixteenth-century carving, Christ of the Dying Breath, beneath the cross standing Our Lady of Tears. And last of all, in slow sad movement, their white trains streaming like a line of light along the stone-paved way, passed the second brotherhood of San Lorenzo, bearing the Most Blessed Virgin in her Solitude. The gold of her mantle seemed one with the gold of the candle rays, and, for many a silent watcher those gliding, gleaming,

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spirit-like forms will move forever down a shining path in memory. So closed the Holy Week processions.

"How sorry I am," said our host, with the Andalusian twinkle in his eye. "It is almost eleven o'clock. Ladies and gentlemen, will you please walk out to dinner?"

On Saturday morning we went early to the cathedral for the closing rite. The Sagrario was thronged. Some of the señoras had brought low folding chairs with them, others sat upon the floor, but most of that innumerable congregation knelt or stood. We were all facing the great purple veil which concealed the high altar, with Roldan's retablo of the Descent from the Cross. There was an hour or more of expectation, during which rosaries slipped through the fingers of many a veiled nun, and the soft murmur of prayer came from strong men as well as from pale-faced women. Suddenly, while a shock of thunder crashed from the organ, hidden ministrants sharply drew on hidden cords, the purple curtain parted in the midst, and the two folds rolled asunder, revealing the high altar, with its carving of the accomplished Passion. The organ poured forth jubilees of victory, all the bells of the cathedral pealed together, *Gloria in Excelsis* soared in choral chant, and amid the awe-stricken multitudes fallen to their knees *Su Majestad* was borne in priestly procession from the tomb in the Royal Chapel to the candles and incense which awaited at the high altar that triumphal coming.

Easter Sunday was celebrated by a bull-fight.

KATHARINE LEE BATES in
Spanish Highways and Byways

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Plockhorst.

HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB.

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In the Sistine Chapel

THE last week of Lent was come, and strangers streamed back towards Rome. Carriage after carriage rolled in through the Porta del Popolo and the Porta del Giovanni. On Wednesday afternoon began the *Miserere* in the Sistine chapel. My soul longed for music; in the world of melody I could find sympathy and consolation. The throng was great, even within the chapel — the foremost division was already filled with ladies. Magnificent boxes, hung with velvet and golden draperies, for royal personages and foreigners from various courts, were erected so high that they looked out beyond the richly carved railing which separated the ladies from the interior of the chapel. The papal Swiss guards stood in their bright festal array. The officers wore light armor, and in their helmets a waving plume: this was particularly becoming to Bernardo, who was greeted by the handsome young ladies with whom he was acquainted.

I obtained a seat immediately within the barrier, not far from the place where the papal singers were stationed. Several English people sat behind me. I had seen them during the carnival, in their gaudy masquerade dresses; here they wore the same. They wished to pass themselves off for officers, even boys of ten years old. They all wore the most expensive uniforms, of the most showy and ill-matched colors. As for example, one wore a light blue coat, embroidered with silver, gold upon the slippers, and a sort of turban with feathers and pearls. But this was not anything new at the festivals in Rome, where a uniform obtained for its wearer a better seat. The people who were near smiled at it, but it did not occupy me long.

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The old cardinals entered in their magnificent violet-colored velvet cloaks with their white ermine caps, and seated themselves side by side, in a great half circle, within the barrier, whilst the priests who had carried their trains seated themselves at their feet. By the little side door of the altar the Holy Father now entered in his purple mantle and silver tiara. He ascended his throne. Bishops swung the vessel of incense around him, whilst young priests in scarlet vestments knelt, with lighted torches in their hands, before him and the high altar.

The reading of the lessons began. But it was impossible to keep the eyes fixed on the lifeless letters of the Missal — they raised themselves, with the thoughts, to the vast universe which Michael Angelo has breathed forth in colors upon the ceiling and the walls. I contemplated his mighty sibyls and wondrously glorious prophets, every one of them a subject for a painting. My eyes drank in the magnificent processions, the beautiful groups of angels; they were not to me painted pictures; all stood living before me. The rich tree of knowledge from which Eve gave the fruit to Adam; the Almighty God, who floated over the waters, not borne up by angels, as the old masters represented him — no, the company of angels rested upon him and his fluttering garments. It is true I had seen these pictures before, but never as now had they seized upon me. The crowd of people, perhaps even the lyric of my thoughts, made me wonderfully alive to poetical impressions; and many a poet's heart has felt as mine did!

The bold foreshortenings, the determinate force with which every figure steps forward, is amazing, and carries one quite away! It is a spiritual Sermon on the Mount, in color and form. Like Raphael, we stand in astonish-

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ment before the power of Michael Angelo. Every prophet is a Moses like that which he formed in marble. What giant forms are those which seize upon our eye and our thoughts as we enter! But, when intoxicated with this view, let us turn our eyes to the background of the chapel, whose whole wall is a high altar of art and thought. The great chaotic picture, from the floor to the roof, shows itself there like a jewel, of which all the rest is only the setting. We see there the LAST JUDGMENT.

Christ stands in judgment upon the clouds, and the apostles and his mother stretch forth their hands beseechingly for the poor human race. The dead raise the grave stones under which they have lain; blessed spirits float upwards, adoring to God, whilst the abyss seizes its victims. Here one of the ascending spirits seeks to save his condemned brother, whom the abyss already embraces in its snaky folds. The children of despair strike their clinched fists upon their brows, and sink into the depths! In bold foreshortening, float and tumble whole legions between heaven and earth. The sympathy of the angels; the expression of lovers who meet; the child that, at the sound of the trumpet, clings to the mother's breast, — is so natural and beautiful that one believes one's self to be one among those who are waiting for judgment. Michael Angelo has expressed in colors what Dante saw and has sung to the generations of the earth.

The descending sun, at that moment, threw his last beams in through the uppermost window. Christ, and the blessed around him, were strongly lighted up; whilst the lower part, where the dead arose, and the demons thrust their boat, laden with damned, from shore, were almost in darkness.

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Just as the sun went down the last lesson was ended, and the last light which now remained was removed, and the whole picture-world vanished from before me; but, in that same moment, burst forth music and singing. That which color had bodily revealed arose now in sound: the day of judgment, with its despair and its exultation, resounded above us.

The Father of the Church, stripped of his papal pomp, stood before the altar and prayed at the holy cross: and upon the wings of the trumpet resounded the trembling choir, "*Populus meus, quid feci tibi?*" Soft angels' tones rose above the deep song, tones which ascended not from a human breast: it was not a man's nor a woman's; it belonged to the world of spirits; it was like the weeping of angels dissolved in melody.

In this world of harmony my soul imbibed strength and the fulness of life. I felt myself joyful and strong as I had not been for a long time. Annunciata, Bernardo, all my love, passed before my thought. I loved, in this moment, as blessed spirits may love. The peace which I had sought in prayer, but had not found, flowed now, with these tones, into my heart.

HANS ANDERSEN in *The Improvisatore*

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II

EASTER DAYS

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EASTER DAYS

The Resurrection
The Primitive Easter Play
The Passion Play at Oberammergau
Quaint Easter Customs
The Bells of the Kremlin
Easter in Jerusalem, 1835
In Rome under the Old Papal Régime, 1870
Easter in Greece
When the Dead return in Japan
Egg-rolling in Washington
On the Island of Ischia
The Russian Easter
Easter Day

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IT IS characteristic of human life that its greatest day should be its saddest, full of suffering and sorrow. It showed how life in its essential nature was sad; but it was a day of hope, its sorrow full of promise, and this too is characteristic of human life.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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The Resurrection

NOW on the first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, while it was yet dark, unto the tomb, and seeth the stone taken away from the tomb. She runneth therefore, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, "They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him." Peter therefore went forth, and the other disciple, and they went toward the tomb. And they ran both together: and the other disciple outran Peter, and came first to the tomb; and stooping and looking in, he seeth the linen cloths lying; yet he entered not in. Simon Peter therefore also cometh, following him, and entered into the tomb; and he beholdeth the linen cloths lying, and the napkin, that was upon his head, not lying with the linen cloths, but rolled up in a place by itself. Then entered in therefore the other disciple also, which came first to the tomb, and he saw, and believed. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. So the disciples went away again unto their own home.

But Mary was standing without at the tomb weeping: so, as she wept, she stooped and looked into the tomb; and she beholdeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they said unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou?" She saith unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." When she had thus said, she turned herself back and beholdeth Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

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Jesus saith unto her, "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." Jesus saith unto her, "Mary." She turneth herself, and saith unto him in Hebrew, "Rabboni": which is to say, master. Jesus saith to her, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended unto the Father, but go unto my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God." Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, "I have seen the Lord"; and how that he had said these things unto her.

When therefore it was evening, on that day, the first day of the week, and when the doors were shut where the disciples were, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, "Peace be unto you." And when he had said this, he shewed unto them his hands and his side. The disciples therefore were glad, when they saw the Lord. Jesus therefore said to them again, "Peace be unto you: as the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven unto them; whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, "We have seen the Lord." But he said unto them, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe." And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Jesus cometh, the doors being shut, and stood

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in the midst, and said, "Peace be unto you." Then saith he to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and see my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and put it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." Thomas answered and said unto him, "My Lord and my God." Jesus saith unto him, "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

From *The Fourth Gospel*

The Primitive Easter Play

IF we would look upon one of these primitive dramas, so unconscious of its own dramatic nature and dramatic destiny, we must thread our way through blossomed English lanes and enter the grateful cool of the high-arched cathedral. About us is a motley multitude, — nobles in scarlet hose and tunics of cloth of gold, ladies in bright-hued trailing gowns with floating sleeves and richly embroidered girdles, rainbow-vested children pattering along in blue and yellow shoes, as if stained from their treading among the violets and primroses, and peasant groups in coarser stuffs of ruder shape and duller tint. Yet there is color everywhere, the raiment of the worshippers almost seeming to catch the broken lights from the great window that gleam like marvellous jewels east and west and forth from shadowy aisles. And the well-wrought stone of capital and canopy and crocket has tints of russet and of buff, and the walls are fairly frescoed, and statues, colored to the look of life, repose on the gem-set tombs of bishops and of princes. It is an age of art, an era of perception and of feeling. The trooping multitude brings eyes and

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ears all sensitive and eager. The very influences of the sacred place quicken the æsthetic craving. These mediæval church-goers, even the meagre and the ragged, long for a service vivid, exquisite, aglow with life and beauty. But the scientific and philosophic faculties are not yet hungry. The mental world of these thought-children is peopled by angels, saints, and devils in company with ghosts, fairies, and hobgoblins. Of these the devil is undoubtedly the favorite, calling out half-terrified interest and half-triumphant respect. It is the devil who figures most conspicuously in carving and in speech. . . .

White-robed monks fill the dim, mysterious choir, the altar is heavily draped with black, the golden crucifix, thick-set with jewels, is missing from its place, but on the north of the chancel we see the Easter sepulchre with the stone rolled away from the door. The solemn ritual of the Mass proceeds in wonted fashion, with fragrance of incense, with silver sound of bell, with kneelings and uprisings, with processional pomp and awful adoration, and over all the glory of the chant. But when, after a preparatory chorus of the prophets answered by a chorus of the church, there is reached that point in the service whereat the tender story of the Marys coming to the sepulchre was of old time rendered as an anthem, three choristers in long white stoles, bearing perfume-breathing censers, step forth from the singing band and walk slowly, with groping motions and dirge-like music, toward the north chancel. As they near the tomb, with gesture of surprise to see the open door, other white-raimented figures, with palm branches in hand, rise from the mouth of the sepulchre to meet them, singing in sweet, high notes: —

"Quem quæritis in sepulchro, O Christicolæ?"

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The Marys make answer in softer, tremulous tone: —

"Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, O cœlicolæ!"

And the angels respond with victorious cadence: —

"Non est hic, surrexit sicut prædixerat;
Ite, nuntiate quia surrexit de sepulchro."

In obedience to the gesture of the angels the Marys stoop to the opening of the tomb, draw forth the linen wrappings, and lifting these in sight of all the people, in token of that garment of death which the risen Christ has put off from him, turn to the chorus with exultant song: —

"Dominus surrexit de sepulchro! Alleluia!"

Then the *Te Deum*, rolling forth from all that multitude in impetuous thanksgiving, floods choir, nave, and transepts, the worshippers clasp one another, with tears raining down their faces, the black draperies are borne away, the altar glistens again in gold and rich embroidery, the shining crucifix is lifted to its place, and, simple as the representation has been, even the little lad in primrose shoes will never forget the service, nor the thrill of Easter joy in his soul.

There are a few selfish moments, in which the people press tumultuously toward the carven choir screen, in the belief that eyes which may behold the Easter elevation of the crucifix shall not close in death for the year to come; but as the tide ebbs, and the throng pours out into the sunshine, the living picture has done for them what no dogma, no argument, no philosophic analysis, would have had the power to do, and in devout rejoicing neighbor greets neighbor with the sacred words, "The Lord is risen!"

KATHARINE LEE BATES in
The English Religious Drama

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The Passion Play at Oberammergau

OBERAMMERGAU is a beautiful little village standing in a lonely valley almost on the watershed of the Bavarian Alps. A mile or two on one side the streams run east toward Munich, but here in the village itself the Ammer runs westward towards the Palner See. Looked at from above, it forms an ideal picture of an ideal village. The clean white walls of the houses with their green window-shutters are irregularly grouped round the church, which, with its mosque-like minaret, forms the living centre of the place. It is the rallying point of the villagers, who used to perform their play in the churchyard — architecturally as morally the keystone of the arch. Seen at sunset or at sunrise, the red-tiled and gray-slated roofs which rise among the trees on the other side of the rapid and crystal Ammer seem to nestle together under the shade of the surrounding hills around the protecting spire of the church. High overhead gleams the white cross on the lofty Kofel crag which guards the entrance to the valley.

In the irregular streets Tyrolese mountaineers are strolling and laughing in their picturesque costume, but at the solemn Angelus hour, when the bells swing out their music in the upper air, every hat is raised, and bareheaded all remain until the bells cease to peal. It is a homely, simple, unspoiled village, and that they have been unspoiled by the flood from the outer world which submerges them every week all summer through every ten years is in itself almost as the miracle of the burning bush. The student of social economics might do worse than spend some days observing how life goes with the villagers of Oberammergau. . . .

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Easter Days

As I write, it is now two days after the Passion Play. The crowd has departed, the village is once more quiet and still. The swallows are twittering in the eaves, and blue and cloudless sky overarches the amphitheatre of hills. All is peace, and the whole dramatic troupe pursue with equanimity the even tenor of their ordinary life. Most of the best players are wood-carvers; the others are peasants or local tradesmen. Their royal robes or their rabbinical costumes laid aside, they go about their ordinary walk in the ordinary way as ordinary mortals. But what a revelation it is of the mine of latent capacity, musical, dramatic, intellectual, in the human race that a single mountain village can furnish, under capable guidance, and with adequate inspiration, such a host competent to set forth such a play from its tinkers, tailors, ploughmen, bakers, and the like! It is not native capacity that is lacking to mankind. It is the guiding brain, the patient love, the careful education, and the stimulus and inspiration of a great idea. But given these, every village of country yokels from Dorset to Caithness might develop artists as noble and as devoted as those of Oberammergau.

In order to explain the meaning of the typical tableaux and to prepare the audience for the scene which they are about to witness, recourse is had to an ingenious arrangement, whereby the interlude between each scene is filled up with singing in parts and in chorus by a choir of Schutzgeister, or Guardian Angels. The choragus, or leader of the choir, first recites some verses clearly and impressively, then the choir bursts out into song accompanied by an orchestra concealed from view in front of the stage. The tinkle of a little bell is heard, and the singers draw back so as to reveal the tableaux. The curtain rises and the tab-

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leau is displayed, during which they sing again. The curtain falls, they resume their old places, and the singing proceeds. Then when they come to the end, half file off to the right, half to the left, and the play proper begins. When the curtain falls, they again take their places and resume their song. The music is very simple but impressive, and the more frequently it is heard, the more you feel its force and pathos. The chorus occupies the stage for fully half the time devoted to the piece.

Their dress is very effective. From the choragus in the centre in bright scarlet, all wear coronets, with the cross in the centre, and are habited in a white under tunic, with golden edging, in yellow leather sandals and stockings of the same color as the robe, which falls from their shoulders. These robes, held in place by gold-decorated cords and tassels round the breast and round the waist, are arranged very artistically and produce a brilliant effect, especially when the wearers are leaving the stage by the wings. Twice, however, these brilliant robes are exchanged for black — immediately before and immediately after the Crucifixion. The bright robes, however, are resumed at the close, when the play closes with a burst of hallelujahs and a jubilant triumph over the Ascension of Our Lord.

The first tableau is emblematic of the Fall. When the curtain is drawn up, Adam and Eve, a man and woman of the village, habited very decently in white sheepskin, are flying from the Garden of Eden, where stands the tree with the forbidden fruit, while from its branches hangs the Serpent, the Tempter. An angel with a sword painted to look like flame forbids their return. After the choir have sung a stanza the curtain falls, they resume their

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AN EASTER PROCESSION, FRANCE.

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places on the stage singing how from afar from Calvary's heights gleams through the night the morning dawn. They go on singing, and after a while the curtain is rung up again for the second tableau. This represents the Adoration of the Cross. A cross of wood painted on a rock occupies the centre of the stage. One girl stands with one hand around the cross, the other holding a palm branch, while another kneels at its foot. Around are grouped fourteen smaller cherubs, charming little creatures, all standing or kneeling as motionless as if they had been hewn out of stone. The grace of the little ones is wonderful, and the grouping most natural. All point to or gaze at the Cross.

When the curtain falls, it does not rise upon another tableau until after the first scene has been presented and Christ has made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem amid the hosannas of the children. The third tableau, which comes immediately before the Sanhedrim meets to discuss how to destroy the Galilean, shows us the children of Jacob in the plain of Dothan conspiring how to kill Joseph, who, in his coat of many colors, — in this case plain white with red facings or stripes, — is approaching from behind. His brethren are leaning against the well into which they decide to fling their unfortunate victim. The chorus sing a verse emphasizing the parallel between Joseph and Jesus. The common offence alleged against each is that he would make himself a king to reign over us.

After the meeting of the Sanhedrim there are two tableaux, both intended to foreshadow the departure of Christ for Bethany. The first, taken from the Apocrypha, and therefore unfamiliar to most English visitors, represents the departure of Tobias, who with his little dog takes leave of his parents before setting forth with the angel Raphael,

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who is in dress, with a staff instead of wings. The little dog stands as if stuffed, if indeed it is not. All the human performers in the tableaux preserve the most perfect natural pose with inflexible immobility. I watched them closely, and never saw a finger shake in any of the tableaux. Only Isaac's eyes blinked as he lay on the altar of Mount Moriah, and one little child seated among the hundred who represented the Israelites bitten by the fiery serpents moved her eyes. With these two exceptions they might all have been modelled in ivory.

After Tobias comes the tableau of the Bride in the Song of Solomon, who is lamenting her lost and absent bridegroom. She is gorgeously arrayed in the midst of a bevy of fair companions in the traditional flower garden, and while it is displayed, the chorus sings a lament as ardent in its passion as the original in Canticles. Christ, of course, is prefigured by the absent bridegroom; the lamenting bride, who appeals to the daughters of Jerusalem, is the Church, the Lamb's Bride of the Apocalypse. The comparison may be orthodox, but the contrast between the bride and her flower-surrounded companions and the almost intolerable pathos of the parting at Bethany, which immediately follows, is greater than that which exists elsewhere in the play.

The sixth tableau, which is supposed to typify the doom of Jerusalem for the rejection of the Saviour, presents us with a picture of the court of Ahasuerus at the moment when Vashti the Queen is falling before the wrath of her royal consort, who is welcoming Esther to the vacant throne. Judging from the tableaux, Ahasuerus could not be congratulated upon the change. Poor Vashti's beauty is all exposed to the assembled banqueters, but exposed in

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shame and disgrace instead of being exhibited as the glory of her lord's harem. Her fate is declared by the chorus to foreshadow that of the Synagogue.

The seventh and eighth tableaux foreshadow the Last Supper. Both are marvellous displays of artistic skill in grouping hundreds of persons in a comparatively small space. The first is the gathering of the manna in the wilderness; the second the return of the spies from the Promised Land with a bunch of grapes so colossal as to cause two strong men to stagger beneath its weight. The whole of the stage is a mosaic of heads and hands. Four hundred persons, including one hundred and fifty children, are grouped in these two great living pictures, and so motionless are they that you might almost imagine that they were a group in colored marble. The tableaux are conventional enough. Moses has his two gilt rays like horns jutting out of his head, the manna falls from above the stage like snow in a theatrical winter piece, and there is no attempt to reduce the dimensions of the bunch of grapes to credible proportions. But these details of criticism are forgotten in admiration of the skill with which every one, down to the smallest child, is placed just where he ought to be placed, does just what he ought to do, clad in the right color, and in harmonious relation to all his neighbors. The reference to the manna and to the land that flowed with milk and honey lead up to the institution of the Last Supper.

The ninth tableau brings us back to Joseph, whose sale to the Midianites for twenty pieces of silver naturally leads up to Judas's bargain for twenty pieces of silver with the Sanhedrim for the betrayal of his Master for thirty. It was curious to recognize among the mute figures in the tableaux many of those who but a moment before had been

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active in the Sanhedrim. Such anachronisms, however, hardly call for more than a passing smile.

The scene in the Garden of Gethsemane is heralded by a double tableau. The first, which is the tenth in order of tableaux, shows Adam under the curse; the second, Joab's treacherous assassination of Amasa. Adam, clad in a white sheepskin, is represented as sweating and wearied by digging in ungrateful soil. Three of his small children are helping him to pull the thorns and briers from the earth, while Eve, apparently a young girl, with black hair, also skin-clad, is the centre of a group of three very young children, while two in the background are playing with a stuffed lamb. The parallel is worked out by the choir between Adam's sweating and the bloody sweat in Gethsemane.

The effective tableau which follows represents Joab making ready to smite Amasa under the fifth rib, while proffering him a friendly kiss. We here come upon several soldiers who do duty in the next scene as the guard who arrest Jesus. The tableau is remarkable, because as the chorus sings there comes an echo from the rocks within where a concealed choir sing in response to the eager inquiry of the chorus, "What happened? What happened?" describing the murder of Amasa, which, of course, needs no link to connect itself with the coming betrayal of Jesus.

After the arrest of Christ comes the interval or pause for lunch. When the audience reassembles to witness the appearance of Christ before the high priest, the prefatory tableau — the twelfth of the series — shows how Micaiah, the prophet of the Lord, was smitten by Zedekiah, the priest of Baal, for daring to predict, before Ahab and Jehoshaphat, the approaching death of the King of Israel at the battle

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of Ramoth Gilead. The chorus sings several verses which lay stress upon the fact that if men speak out the truth, they must expect to be smitten in the face. The singing is rendered with much force and effect.

The thirteenth and fourteenth tableaux come before the appearance of Christ before Caiaphas. They represent the stoning of Naboth, a venerable old man who is being crushed beneath the missiles of Jezebel's sons of Belial, and the sufferings of Job, who is shown on his dunghill, scoffed at, plagued, and derided by his friends, his servants, and even by his wife. The chorus sings a series of verses about Job, all beginning with the German equivalent of Ecce Homo—"Seht Welch ein Mensch!" the phrase afterwards used by Pilate when displaying Christ to the people.

The fifteenth tableau prefacing the despair of Judas represents the despair of Cain. Cain, a tall, dark, and stalwart man, clad in a leopard's skin, is dropping the heavy tree branch with which he has slain his brother. Abel, in a lambskin, lies dead, with an ugly wound on his right temple. Cain's right hand is pressed upon the brow on which is to be set the brand of God. It is a fine scene, full of simple, tragic effect.

The sixteenth tableau, which precedes the appearance of Christ before the tribunal of Pilate, the foreign ruler, is devoted to the scene in which Daniel was denounced before Darius immediately preceding his consignment to the den of lions. Daniel stands forth before the king undismayed by his accusers, a much more vigorous and rugged specimen of persecuted virtue than the Man of Sorrows, who immediately afterwards was led before Pilate.

Tableau seventeenth, which prefigures the contemptuous mockery of Christ by Herod, represents Samson

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avenging himself upon the Philistines by pulling down the temple upon their heads. The blinded giant strains at one of the two pillars on which the roof rests, breaking it asunder, and the company in their mirth wait in horror to see their impending doom. The parallel in this case is between the mocking of Samson and the jeers to which Christ was subjected, not to the vengeance of the former upon the Philistines.

The eighteenth and nineteenth tableaux precede the scourging. The former represents the bringing of Joseph's coat, all steeped in blood, to the patriarch Jacob; the latter the sacrifice of Isaac. Joseph's coat is not very bloody. His father's distress is very vividly expressed. Isaac lies on Mount Moriah, a curly, black-headed youth, — boy or girl, it was difficult to make out, — while Abraham, who is just about to slay him with a bright falchion, is restrained by an angel, who points to a ram in a thicket, which, although stuffed, looks as much alive as any of the human figures in the tableaux.

The scene in which Christ is sentenced to death is prefaced by two tableaux, neither of them particularly appropriate. The first represents Joseph acclaimed as Grand Vizier of Pharaoh. The stage is filled with a bright spirited multitude of acclaiming beholders. The tableau is unquestionably vivid, but as a preface to the Death Sentence it is somewhat out of place. More appropriate, although scenically less telling, is the choice of the scapegoat, which is represented as taking place in the temple, before an interested crowd of spectators.

Two more tableaux bring us to the Crucifixion. The first represents Isaac carrying the wood with which he was to be burned up the slope of Mount Moriah; the second,

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another scene from the wilderness, full of spirit and life, shows Moses raising the brazen serpent on high so that all who look upon it may live even though they have been bitten by the fiery serpent. The stage is crowded with life.

There used to be two additional tableaux, representing Jonah and the whale, and the passage of the children through the Red Sea. These tableaux, which preceded the Resurrection, have disappeared, reducing the total number from twenty-five to twenty-three. The most remarkable omission — regarded from the point of view of Scripture history — is the entire absence of David from the tableaux.

There is no allusion to Solomon, or to the Conquest of Canaan, or to Isaiah, the evangelical prophet. But within the compass of twenty-three pictures a really marvellous range of subjects is obtained, and all of them, whether appropriate or inappropriate according to our ideas, are worked out with marvellous care and presented with the most painstaking fidelity on the part of all concerned. The gospel according to St. Daisenberger, as unfolded on the stage at Oberammergau, is his version of the story that transformed the world, and that will yet transform it again. It is the old, old story in a new, and to Protestants, somewhat unfamiliar dress. It is as if the Gospel from the stained windows of our cathedrals had suddenly taken living bodily shapes and transacted itself once more before our astonished eyes.

Many of the scenes of the play have an almost harrowing interest, but some of them may be singled out as especially effective. Among these are the conspiracy of the priests in the Sanhedrim, a most powerful conception from first to last; the parting of Jesus with his mother

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Mary; the Last Supper; the thrilling protests of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea; the mocking of Christ by the soldiers; the silence before the contemptible Herod; the scene before Pilate's judgment seat; and the bearing of the Cross to Golgotha. During some of these scenes there was scarely a face among the four thousand spectators which was not wet with tears, and what is more remarkable some of the actors themselves were visibly weeping. — What are we to say of the last scenes of all! Speaking of my own personal impressions, I can only say that they seemed to me too awfully sacred to be witnessed without misgivings. Everything indeed is done to prepare the mind of the spectators, the chorus laying aside their splendid mantles, appear in black; the song which they sing and the words spoken by the choragus are meant to hush every heart into profound solemnity. Even amid the marvellous realism there is the most consummate reverence. The great minds which worked out the ideal of the play rose superior to a morbid extravagance. Even amid the brief agony of the Crucifixion they never lose sight of the predominant elements of hope and joy.

CANON FARRAR.

Quaint Easter Customs

THE EASTER SEPULCHRE

THE primitive Passion drama was nothing more than the solemn lowering the crucifix on Good Friday, the laying it away beneath the altar, and the raising it again, with anthems of rejoicing, on the Resurrection festival. Mr. Pollard has pointed out that a trace of the old observance yet lingers in the custom of veiling the crucifix from Holy Thursday to the first evensong of Easter.

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But the hallowed place beneath the altar did not long suffice, as the ritual became more and more magnificent, for the reception of the crucifix or of the gilded picture, or carven figure, sometimes substituted in this ceremony for the crucifix. Temporary sepulchres of wood were built in arched recesses of the chancel wall, on the north, and by the fourteenth century these in turn gave way, in many churches both of England and the Continent, to permanent structures of stone. An interesting record remains of Durham: —

"Within the church of Durham, upon Good Friday, there was a marvellous solemn service, in which service time, after the Passion was sung, two of the eldest monks took a goodly large crucifix all of gold of the semblance of our Saviour Christ, nailed upon the Cross. . . . The service being ended, the said two monks carried the Cross to the Sepulchre with great reverence (which Sepulchre was set up that morning on the north side of the choir, nigh unto the High Altar, before the service time), and there did lay it within the said Sepulchre with great devotion."

Upon these sepulchres was lavished rich beauty of carving and of color. The sleeping soldiers, their weapons drooping in their hands, were carved upon the lower portion, and upon the upper the hovering figures of attendant angels. The sepulchre was guarded during the night preceding Easter Sunday by some officer of the church, who was duly paid for his vigil. So late as 1558 the "accompts" of St. Helen's Abingdon contain the following items: —

"Payde for making the sepulture, 10*s*."

"For peynting the same sepulture, 3*s*."

"For stones, and other charges about it, 4*s* 6*d*."

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"To the sexton for meat and drink, and watching the sepulture according to custon, 22*d.*"

Compiled and condensed from Various Sources

Easter Eve

ON Easter Eve the fire all is quencht in every place,
And fresh againe from out the flint is fetcht with solemne grace;
The priest doth halow this against great daungers many one,
A brande whereof doth every man with greedie minde take home,
That, when the fearefull storme appears, or tempest black arise,
By lighting this he safe may be from stroke of hurtful skies,
A taper great, the *Paschall* namde, with musicke then they blesse,
And franckencense herein they pricke, for greater holynesse;
This burneth night and day as signe of Christ that conquerde hell,
As if so be this foolish toye suffiseth this to tell.
Then doth the bishop or the priest the water halow straight,
That for their baptisme is reserved: for now no more of waight
Is that they usde the yeare before; nor can they any more
Young children christen with the same, as they have done before.
With wondrous pomp and furniture amid the church they go,
With candles, crosses, banners, chrisme, and oyle appoynted tho':

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Nine times about the font they marche, and on the Saintes
do call
Then still at length they stande, and straight the priest
begins withall.
And thrise the water doth he touche, and crosses thereon
make;
Here bigge and barbrous wordes he speaks, to make the
Devill quake;
And holsome waters conjureth, and foolishly doth dresse,
Supposing holyar that to make which God before did
blesse.
And after this his candle than he thrusteth in the floode,
And thrice he breathes thereon with breath that stinkes of
former foode.
And making here an end, his chrisme he poureth thereupon,
The people staring hereat stande amazed every one;
Beleaving that great powre is given to this water here,
By gaping of these learned men, and such like trifling
gere.
Therefore in vessels brought they draw, and home they
carie some
Against the grieves that to themselves or to their beasts
may come.
Then clappers cease, and belles are set againe at libertee,
And herewithal the hungrie times of fasting ended bee.

BARNABE GOOGE

EASTER EGGS

ON Easter Eve and Easter Day, all the heads of families send great chargers, full of hard eggs, to the church, to get them blessed, which the priests perform by saying several appointed prayers, and making great signs

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of the cross over them, and sprinkling them with holy water. The priest, having finished the ceremony, demands how many dozen eggs there be in every bason? These blest eggs have the virtue of sanctifying the entrails of the body, and are to be the first fat or fleshy nourishment they take after the abstinence of Lent. The Italians do not only abstain from flesh during Lent, but also from eggs, cheese, butter, and all white meats. As soon as the eggs are blessed, every one carries his portion home, and causeth a large table to be set in the best room in the house, which they cover with their best linen, all bestrewed with flowers, and place round about it a dozen dishes of meat, and the great charger of eggs in the midst. 'Tis a very pleasant sight to see these tables set forth in the houses of great persons, when they expose on side-tables (round about the chamber) all the plate they have in the house, and whatever else they have that is rich and curious, in honor of their Easter eggs, which of themselves yield a very fair show, for the shells of them are all painted with divers colors, and gilt. Sometimes they are no less than twenty dozen in the same charger, neatly laid together in the form of a pyramid. The table continues, in the same posture, covered, all the Easter week, and all those who come to visit them in that time are invited to eat an Easter egg with them, which they must not refuse.

EMILIANNE.

The Fête of the Eggs, France

THIS fête was held annually at the Easter season on La Motte du Pongard, an ancient druidical barrow situated at a short distance from Dieppe, and was only abolished at the time of the Revolution.

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"A crowd of persons of both sexes came from the neighboring villages, and met together round the barrow, forming what is called in the country an 'Assembly.' A hundred eggs were put into a basket, and placed at the foot of the eminence. One of the troop (now united in a circle) took an egg which he carried to the top of the mound, then another successively till they were all placed there. He then brought them back one by one, till they were all placed in the basket. In the same time some other member of the 'Assembly' 'ran the eggs' as it is called; that is, went as fast as legs would carry him to Bacqueville, a large village about a mile and a quarter from the spot; and if he returned before the hundredth egg was replaced in the basket, he gained the prize, of course, which consisted of a hogshead of cider, which he afterward distributed among his friends. The whole 'Assembly' now gave themselves up to rejoicing and amusement, and danced in a ring around the pile, representing a chain without end. The egg figured in this rural fête in memory of the serpent egg consecrated by the Druids. It was also an emblem of the year, as it is attested by the accounts of many religious ceremonies in different nations."

The Mirror

The Easter Hare

IT is an interesting speculation for the stroller on Broadway at the Easter season to consider from what a distance the poetic fancies of the distant nations of remote times have filtered down to decorate the festival of a God they never knew.

The old, old association of the waning moon, returning in its own time to light the darkness, with the night of

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winter and the return of the sun and of new life in the spring is back of many of the trinkets that ornament a confectioner's window to-day. To the Phœnician, perhaps, the egg was the symbol of the golden moon floating in that far-away liquid space whence come the spring rains; whence, too, was believed to come the impulse of the new life which yearly breaks through the hard shell of the frost-bound earth. Easter torches have passed from hand to hand ever since the summer festivals in the northern mountains. They were kindled at midnight and carried to the hill-tops to light the path of Baldur, should he return from the dead.

From Egypt and Farther India comes the association of the hare with the Easter season. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says: "The name of the hare in Egyptian was *un*, which means *open, to open, the opener*. Now the moon was the open-eyed watcher of the skies at night, and the hare, born with open eyes, was fabled never to close them. It is an old saying that: 'The Hare feeds only at night.'" The same word *un*, probably because of the repeated association of opening and shutting, came to have a significance of periodicity also associated with the habits of the hare, and with the moon goddess, as the measurer of days. The suggestion of purity and innocence with the white coat of the Easter hare is wholly a modern addition.

The Hindoo myth has it that Buddha, changing into the body of a hare, offered himself as food to a starving traveller; and that therefore the hare abides in the sun forever. Another old saying is, "The moon leaps like a hare when the sun dies."

Anonymous

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Customs of Easter Week

THE following extract is from the *Public Advertiser* for Friday, April 13, 1787: "The custom of rolling down Greenwich-hill at Easter is a relique of old City manners, but peculiar to the metropolis. Old as the custom has been, the counties of Shropshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire boast one of equal antiquity, which they call Heaving, and perform with the following ceremonies, on the Monday and Tuesday in the Easter week. On the first day a party of men go with a chair into every house to which they can get admission, force every female to be seated in their vehicle, and lift them up three times, with loud huzzas. For this they claim the reward of a chaste salute, which those who are too coy to submit to may get exempted from by a fine of one shilling, and receive a written testimony, which secures them from a repetition of the ceremony for that day. On the Tuesday the women claim the same privilege, and pursue their business in the same manner, with this addition — that they guard every avenue to the town, and stop every passenger, pedestrian, equestrian, or vehicular." That it is not entirely confined, however, to the northern counties may be gathered from the following letter, which Brand received from a correspondent of great respectability in 1799: —

"Having been a witness lately to the exercise of what appeared to me a very curious custom *at Shrewsbury*, I take the liberty of mentioning it to you, in the hope that amongst your researches you may be able to give some account of the ground or origin of it. I was sitting alone last Easter Tuesday at breakfast at the Talbot at Shrews-

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bury, when I was surprised by the entrance of all the female servants of the house handing in an arm-chair, lined with white, and decorated with ribbons and favors of different colors. I asked them what they wanted. Their answer was, they came to *heave* me. It was the custom of the place on that morning, and they hoped I would take a seat in their chair. It was impossible not to comply with a request very modestly made, and to a set of nymphs in their best apparel, and several of them under twenty. I wished to see all the ceremony, and seated myself accordingly. The group then lifted me from the ground, turned the chair about, and I had felicity of a salute from each. I told them I supposed there was a fee due upon the occasion, and was answered in the affirmative; and having satisfied the damsels in this respect, they withdrew to *heave* others. At this time I had never heard of such a custom; but, on inquiry, I found that on Easter Monday, between nine and twelve, the men heave the women in the same manner as on the Tuesday, between the same hours, the women heave the men. I will not offer any conjecture on the ground of the custom, because I have nothing like data to go upon; but if you should happen to have heard anything satisfactory respecting it, I should be highly gratified by your mentioning it. . . ."

From BRAND'S *Popular Antiquities*

A WARWICKSHIRE correspondent says: — "When I was a child, as sure as Easter Monday came, I was taken to see the children clip the churches. This ceremony was performed amid crowds of people, and shouts of joy by the children of the different charity

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schools, who at a certain hour flocked together for the purpose. The first comers placed themselves hand in hand with their backs against the church, and were joined by their companions, who gradually increased in number, till at last the chain was of sufficient length completely to surround the sacred edifice.

"As soon as the hand of the last of the train had grasped that of the first the party broke up, and walked in procession to the other church (for in those days Birmingham boasted but of two), where the ceremony was repeated."

HONE'S *Every Day Book.*

The Bells of the Kremlin

THOUGH the tower of Ivan Veliki is the finest belfry in Russia, it has no special beauty, but being two hundred sixty-nine feet high, towers finely above all the other buildings of the Kremlin in the distant views. Halfway up is a gallery, whence the sovereigns from Boris to Peter the Great used to harangue the people. The exquisite bells are only heard in perfection on Easter Eve at midnight. On the preceding Sunday (Palm Sunday) the people have resorted in crowds to the Kremlin to buy palm branches, artificial flowers, and boughs with waxen fruits to hang before their icons. On Holy Thursday the Metropolitan has washed the feet of twelve men, representing the Apostles, in the cathedral, using the dialogue recorded in John xii. Then at midnight on Easter Eve the great bell sounds, followed by every other bell in Moscow; the whole city blazes into light; the tower of Ivan Veliki is illuminated from its foundation to the cross on its summit. The square below is filled with a motley

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throng, and around the churches are piles of Easter cakes, each with a taper stuck in it, waiting for a blessing. The interior of the Church of the Rest of the Virgin is thronged by a vast multitude bearing wax tapers. The Metropolitan and his clergy, in robes blazing with gold and precious stones, have made the external circuit of the church three times, and then, through the great doors, have advanced towards the throne between myriads of lights. No words can describe the colors, the blaze, the roar of the universal chant. Descending from the throne, the Metropolitan has incensed the clergy and the people, and the clergy have incensed the Metropolitan, whilst the spectators have bowed and crossed themselves incessantly. After a service of two hours the Metropolitan has advanced, holding a cross which the people have thronged to kiss. He has then retired to the sanctuary, whence, as Ivan Veliki begins to toll, followed by a peal from a thousand bells announcing the stroke of midnight, he emerges in a plain purple robe, and announces "Christos voscres!" Christ is risen. Then kisses of love are universally exchanged, and, most remarkable of all, the Metropolitan, on his hands and knees, crawls around the church, kissing the icons on the walls, the altars, and the tombs, and, through their then opened sepulchres, the incorruptible bodies of the saints. After this no meetings take place without the salutation "Christos voscres," and the answer, "Vo istine voscres" (He is risen).

Of the many bells in the tower the most remarkable was the historic bell of Novogorod, which summoned the council of the Vetche to assemble, and which was carried off to Moscow by Ivan the Great; it is now said to be lost. The square at the foot of the tower, and the pavement be-

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tween it and the cathedral, is still used at Easter as a place of assembly for religious disputations.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE in *Studies in Russia*

Easter in Jerusalem, 1835

THE Pilgrims begin to arrive in Palestine some weeks before the Easter festival of the Greek Church. They come from Egypt, from all parts of Syria, from Armenia and Asia Minor, from Stamboul, from Roumelia, from the province of the Danube, and from all the Russias. Most of these people bring with them some articles of merchandise, but I myself believe (notwithstanding the common taunt against pilgrims) that they do this rather as a mode of paying the expenses of their journey than from a spirit of mercenary speculation. They generally travel in families, for the women are of course more ardent than their husbands in undertaking these pious enterprises, and they take care to bring with them all their children, however young, for the efficacy of the rites does not depend upon the age of the votary, so that people whose careful mothers have obtained for them the benefit of the pilgrimage in early life are saved from the expense and trouble of undertaking the journey at a later age. The superior veneration so often excited by objects that are distant and unknown shows not perhaps the wrong headedness of a man but rather the transcent powers of his imagination. However this may be, and whether it is by mere obstinacy that they poke their way through intervening distance, or whether they come by the winged strength of fancy, quite certainly the pilgrims who flock to Palestine from the most remote houses are the people most eager

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in the enterprise, and in number, too, they bear a very high proportion to the whole mass.

The great bulk of the pilgrims make their way by sea to the port of Jaffa. A number of families will charter a vessel amongst them, all bringing their own provisions, which are of the simplest and cheapest kind. On board every vessel thus freighted there is, I believe, a priest, who helps the people in their religious exercises and tries (and fails) to maintain something like order and harmony. The vessels employed in this service are usually Greek brigs or brigantines, and schooners, and the number of passengers stowed in them is almost always horribly excessive. The voyages are sadly protracted, not only by the land-seeking, storm-flying habits of the Greek seamen, but also by their endless schemes and speculations, which are forever tempting them to touch at the nearest port. The voyage, too, must be made in winter, in order that Jerusalem may be reached some weeks before the Greek Easter, and thus by the time they attain the holy shrines the Pilgrims have really and truly undergone a respectable quantity of suffering. I once saw one of these pious cargoes put ashore on the coast of Cyprus, where they had touched for the purpose of visiting, not Paphos, but some Christian sanctuary. I never saw (no, never even in the most horribly stuffy ball room) such a discomfortable collection of human beings. Long huddled together in a pitching and rolling prison, fed on beans, exposed to some real danger and to terrors without end, they had been tumbled about for many wintery weeks in the chopping seas of the Mediterranean. As soon as they landed, they stood upon the beach and chanted a hymn of thanks; the chant was *morne* and doleful,

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but really the poor people were looking so miserable that one could not fairly expect from them any lively outpouring of gratitude.

When the pilgrims have landed at Jaffa, they hire camels, horses, mules, or donkeys, and make their way as well as they can to the Holy City. The space fronting the Church of the Holy Sepulchre soon becomes a kind of bazaar, or rather, perhaps, reminds you of an English fair. On this spot the pilgrims display their merchandise, and there, too, the trading residents of the place offer their goods for sale. I have never, I think, seen elsewhere in Asia so much commercial animation as upon this square of ground by the church door. The "money-changers" seemed to be almost as brisk and lively as if they had been within the temple.

When I entered the church, I found a babel of worshippers. Greek, Roman, and Armenian priests were performing their different rites in various nooks and corners, and crowds of disciples were rushing about in all directions, some laughing and talking, some begging, but most of them going around in a regular and methodical way to kiss the sanctified spots and speak the appointed syllables and lay down the accustomed coin. If this kissing of the shrines had seemed as though it were done at the bidding of enthusiasm, or of any poor sentiment even feebly approaching to it, the sight would have been less odd to English eyes; but as it was, I stared to see grown men thus steadily and carefully embracing the sticks and the stones, not from love or from zeal (else God forbid that I should have stared), but from a calm sense of duty. They seemed to be not "working out," but *transacting* the great business of salvation.

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A Protestant, familiar with the Holy Scriptures, but ignorant of tradition and the geography of modern Jerusalem, finds himself a good deal "mazed" when he first looks for the sacred sites. The Holy Sepulchre is not in a field without the walls, but in the midst and in the best part of the town, under the roof of the great church which I have been talking about; it is a handsome tomb of oblong form partly subterranean and partly above ground and closed on all sides except the one by which it is entered. You descend into the interior by a few steps, and there find an altar with burning tapers. This is the spot which is held in greater sanctity than any other at Jerusalem. When you have seen enough of it, you feel perhaps weary of the busy crowd and inclined for a gallop; you ask your dragoman whether there will be time before sunset to procure horses and take a ride to Mount Calvary. Mount Calvary, Signor? — *eccolo* it is upstairs on the first floor. In effect you ascend it, if I remember rightly, just thirteen steps, and then you are shown the now golden sockets in which the crosses of our Lord and the two thieves were fixed. All this is startling, but the truth is that the city having gathered round the Sepulchre, which is the main point of interest, has crept northward, and thus, in great measure, are occasioned the many geographical surprises that puzzle the "Bible Christian."

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre comprises very compendiously almost all the spots associated with the closing career of our Lord.

Just there on your right he stood and wept by the pillar; on your left he was scourged; on the spot just before you he was crowned with the crown of thorns; up there he was crucified, and down here he was buried. A locality is

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assigned to even the minutest event connected with the recorded history of our Saviour; even the spot where the cock crew when Peter denied his Master is ascertained, and surrounded by the walls of an Armenian convent. Many Protestants are wont to treat these traditions contemptuously, and those who distinguish themselves from their brethren by the appellation of "Bible Christians" are almost fierce in their denunciation of these supposed errors.

Although the pilgrims perform their devotions at the several shrines with so little apparent enthusiasm, they are driven to the verge of madness by the miracle displayed before them on Easter Saturday. Then it is that the heaven-sent fires issue from the Holy Sepulchre. The Pilgrims all assemble in the great church, and already, long before the wonder is worked, they are wrought by anticipation of God's sign, as well as by their struggles for room and breathing space, to a most frightful state of excitement. At length the chief priest of the Greeks, accompanied (of all the people in the world) by the Turkish governor, enters the tomb. After this there is a long pause, and then suddenly from out of the small apertures on either side of the sepulchre there issue long, shining flames. The pilgrims now rush forward, madly struggling to light their tapers at the holy fire. This is the dangerous moment, and many lives are often lost.

The year before that of my going to Jerusalem, Ibrahim Pasha, from some whim or motive of policy, chose to witness the miracle. The vast church was, of course, thronged, as it always is on that awful day. It seems that the appearance of the fire was delayed for a very long time, and that the growing frenzy of the people was heightened

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by suspense. Many, too, had already sunk under the effect of the heat and the stifling atmosphere, when at last the fire flashed from the sepulchre. Then a terrible struggle ensued; many sunk and were crushed. Ibrahim had taken his station in one of the galleries, but now feeling, perhaps, his brave blood warmed by the sight and sound of such strife, he took upon himself to quiet the people by his personal presence, and descended into the body of the church with only a few guards. He had forced his way into the midst of the dense crowd, when unhappily he fainted away. His guards shrieked out, and the event instantly became known. A body of soldiers recklessly forced their way through the crowd that they might save the life of their general. Nearly two hundred people were killed in the struggle.

The following year, however, the government took better measures for the prevention of these calamities. I was not present at the ceremony, having gone away from Jerusalem some time before, but I afterwards returned into Palestine, and I then learned that the day had passed off without any disturbance of a fatal kind. It is, however, almost too much to expect that so many ministers of peace can assemble without finding some occasion for strife, and in that year a tribe of wild Bedouins became the subject of discord. These men, it seems, led an Arab life in some of the desert tracts bordering on the neighborhood of Jerusalem, but were connected with any of the great ruling tribes. Some whim or notion of policy had induced them to embrace Christianity, but they were grossly ignorant of the rudiments of their adopted faith, and having no priest with them in their desert, they had as little knowledge of religious ceremonies as of religion itself. They were

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Fra Angelico.

AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST!

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not even capable of conducting themselves in a place of worship with ordinary decorum, but would interrupt the service with scandalous cries and warlike shouts. Such is the account the Latins give of them, but I never heard the other side of the question. These wild fellows, notwithstanding their entire ignorance of all religion, are yet claimed by the Greeks, not only as proselytes who have embraced Christianity generally, but as converts to the particular doctrines and practice of their church. The people thus alleged to have concurred in the great schism of the Eastern Empire are never, I believe, within the walls of a church, or even of any building at all, except upon this occasion of Easter, and as they then never fail to find a row of some kind going on by the side of the sepulchre, they fancy, it seems, that the ceremonies there enacted are funeral games of a martial character held in honor of a deceased chieftain, and that a Christian festival is a peculiar kind of battle, fought between walls, and without cavalry. It does not appear, however, that these men are guilty of any ferocious acts, or that they attempt to commit depredations. The charge against them is merely that by their way of applauding the performance — by their horrible cries and frightful gestures — they destroy the solemnity of divine service; and upon this ground the Franciscans obtained a firman for the exclusion of such tumultuous worshippers. The Greeks, however, did not choose to lose the aid of their wild converts merely because they were a little backward in their religious education, and they, therefore, persuaded them to defie the firman by entering the city *en masse* and overawing their enemies. The Franciscans, as well as the government authorities, were obliged to give way, and the Arabs triumphantly marched into the church. The festival, however,

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must have seemed to them rather flat, for, although there may have been some "casualties" in the way of eyes black and noses bloody and women "missing," there was no return of "killed."

Formerly the Latin Catholics concurred in acknowledging (but not, I hope, in working) the annual miracle of the heavenly fire, but they have for many years withdrawn their countenance from the exhibition, and they now repudiate it as a trick of the Greek Church. Thus, of course, the violence of feeling with which the rival churches meet at the Holy Sepulchre on Easter Saturday is greatly increased, and a disturbance of some kind is certain. In the year I speak of, though no lives were lost, there was, as it seems, a tough struggle in the church. I was amused at hearing of a taunt that was thrown that day upon an English traveller. He had taken his station in a convenient part of the church, and was, no doubt, displaying that peculiar air of serenity and gratification with which an English gentleman usually looks on at a row, when one of the Franciscans came by, all reeking from the fight, and was so disgusted at the coolness and placid contentment of the Englishman (who was a guest at the convent) that he forgot his monkish humility, as well as the duties of hospitality, and plainly said: —

"You sleep under our roof, you eat our bread, you drink our wine, and then when Easter Saturday comes you don't fight for us!"

Yet these rival churches go on quietly enough till their blood is up. The terms on which they live remind one of the peculiar relation subsisting at Cambridge between "town and gown."

These contests and disturbances certainly do not origi-

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nate with the lay pilgrims, the great body of whom are, as I believe, quiet and inoffensive people. It is true, however, that their pious enterprise is believed by them to operate as a counterpoise for a multitude of sins, whether past or future, and perhaps they exact themselves in after life to restore the balance of good and evil. The Turks have a maxim which, like most cynical apothegms, carries with it the buzzing trumpet of falsehood as well as the small, fine "sting of truth." "If your friend has made the pilgrimage once, distrust him; if he has made the pilgrimage twice, cut him dead!" The caution is said to be as applicable to the visitants of Jerusalem as to those of Mecca, but I cannot help believing that the frailties of all the Hadjis, whether Christian or Mahometan, are greatly exaggerated. I certainly regarded the pilgrims to Palestine as a well-disposed, orderly body of people, not strongly enthusiastic, but desirous to comply with the ordinances of their religion, and to attain the great end of salvation as quietly and economically as possible.

When the solemnities of Easter are concluded, the pilgrims move off in a body to complete their good work by visiting the sacred scenes in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, including the wilderness of John the Baptist, Bethlehem, and, above all, the Jordan, for to bathe in those sacred waters is one of the chief objects of the expedition. All the pilgrims — men, women, and children — are submerged *en chemise*, and the saturated linen is carefully wrapped up and preserved as a burial dress that shall endure for salvation in the realms of death.

A. W. KINGLAKE in *Eothen*

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In Rome under the Old Papal Régime, 1870

ALTHOUGH I have revisited the well-loved city several times since those early days, the first visit stands out so much more fully colored and intense in local sentiment than the subsequent ones, which seem almost insipid by comparison. You and I then saw her as she can never be seen again; we were just in time to know her under the old papal régime, and we left three months before the Italians came in to rob her of her unique character. I cannot be too thankful that we have that put safely away in the treasury of our memories. We saw the Roman citizens kneeling in masses along the streets as the Pope's mounted Chasseurs in cocked hats and feathers heralded the approach of Pio Nono's ponderous coach, in which His Holiness was taking his afternoon airing. We saw the stately cardinals and bishops in their daily stroll on the Pincian, receiving the salutes of soldiers and civilians. There were such constant salutations everywhere, all day long, and such punctilious acknowledgments from the ecclesiastics that on closing my eyes at night I always saw shovel hats rising and sinking like flocks of crows hovering over a harvest field.

We saw the sentries on Good Friday mounting guard with arms reversed and all the flags that day flying at half mast; the Colosseum was in those days treated as consecrated ground, more as the scene of Christian martyrdoms than as a pagan antiquity. There stood the stations of the Cross, and there a friar preached every Wednesday during Lent. That fearsome ruin was then warmly lined with rich flora and various lusty trees and shrubs that have all been scraped and scoured away in harmony with the spirit of modern Italy.

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What luck was it for us to be in Rome that wonderful year of 1870, when the Ecumenical Council filled her streets and churches with every type of episcopal ecclesiastic from the four quarters of the globe, each accompanied by his "theologian" and by secretaries in every variety of dress, from the modern American to the pigtailed Chinaman. Great times for the art student, with all these types and colors as subjects for his pencil. The characteristics and the color of Rome were thus multiplied and elaborated to the utmost possible point, up to the very verge of the great Cleavage; and we saw it all.

The open-air incidents connected with the great church functions have left an extraordinary vivid impression on my mind on account of their eminently pictorial qualities. I can see again the archaic "glass coaches" of Pope and cardinals, high swung and seeming to bubble over with gilding, rumbling slowly up to the church door where the ceremony is to take place, over the cobblestones, behind teams of fat black steeds, the leaders' scarlet traces sweeping the ground. The occupants of these wonderful vehicles are glowing like rubies in their ardent robes, which flood their faces with red reflections in the searching sunshine. A prelate in exquisite lilac, mounted on a white mule with black housings, bears a jewelled cross, sparkling in the sun, before the Pope's carriage; the postilions, coachmen, and lackeys are eighteenth-century figures come to life again, and, truth to tell, they might have brought their liveries over them, furbished up for the occasion. Not much public money seems appropriated for new liveries in the papal household, nor in that of the College of Cardinals. Then, the medley of modern soldiers that took part officially and unofficially

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in these scenes — the off-duty zouaves, with bare necks outstretched, cheering frantically, "Long live the Pope-King," in many languages; the French Legion inclined to criticise the old liveries — it all seems to me like the happening of yesterday! And I can see the rain of flowers falling on the kindly old Pope from the spectators in the balconies, where rich draperies give harmonious backgrounds to all this color.

Finally, we saw the last papal benediction to be given from the façade of St. Peter's on that memorable Easter Sunday, 1870. The scene was made especially notable in its pictorial effect by the masses of bishops, all in snow-white copes and mitres, who completely filled the terrace above the colonnade on the Vatican side of the Piazza. What a symphony of white they made up there, partly in the luminous shadow of the long awning, partly in the blazing sunshine. Some of the illuminated ones used their mitres as parasols. Such a huge parterre of prelates had never been beheld before. It was a parterre of human lilies. My diary exclaims, "Oh, for Leighton's genius to paint it!" It was entirely in his style — composition, color, and sentiment. The balustrade was hung with mellow, old, faded tapestry, and above the bishops' heads rose those dark old stone statues that tell so well against the sky. I remember the moment of intense silence that fell on the multitude a little before Pio Nono, wearing the Triple Crown, stood up and in a loud voice gave forth "to the city and to the world" the mighty words of blessing from the little balcony far up aloft. And I remember, too, how that sudden silence seemed to cause a strange uneasiness amongst the cavalry and artillery horses, which all began to neigh.

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On this great day the white and yellow flag emblem of the Temporal Power, waved upon the light spring breeze wherever one turned. How little we dreamed that in a few months that flag was to be hauled down, drawn under by the fall of the greatest military empire then in existence!

LADY BUTLER
in *Sketch Book and Diary*

Easter in Greece

I DO not propose to narrate the usual routine of a Greek Easter, the breaking of the long fast, the elaborately decorated lambs to be slaughtered for the meal, the nocturnal services, and the friendly greetings, — of these everybody knows enough, — but first of all to take the reader to a convent dedicated to the life-saving virgin, the wonder of Amorgos. It is next to the wealthiest convent in Greece, owning all the richest lands in Amorgos and the neighboring islands, besides possessions in Crete in the Turkish islands, etc. The position chosen for the convent is most extraordinary. A long line of cliff, about two miles from the town, runs sheer down one thousand feet into the sea; a narrow road or ledge along the coast leads along this cliff to the convent which is built halfway up. Nothing but the outer wall is visible as you approach. The church and cells are made inside the rock. From the balconies one looks deep down into the sea; overhead towers the red rock, blackened for some distance by the smoke of the convent fires; here and there are dotted holes in the rock, where hermits used to dwell in almost inaccessible eyries.

We entered by a drawbridge, with fortifications against pirates, and were shown into the reception room, where

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the superior met us and conducted us to cells in the rock above, to the large storehouses below, and to the narrow church with its five magnificent silver icons, three of which were to be the object of such extraordinary veneration during Easter week. One adorns a portrait of the Madonna herself, found, they say, by some sailors in the sea below, and is beautifully embossed and decorated with silver; one of St. George Balsamitis, the patron saint of the prophetic source of Amorgos; and the other is an iron cross set in silver, and found, they say, on the heights of Mount Krytelos, a desolate mountain only visited by peasants, who go there to cut down its prickly evergreen oak as fodder for their mules.

We were up and about early on Easter morning; the clanging of bells and the bustle beneath our windows made it impossible to sleep. Papa Demetrios came in dressed exceedingly smart in his best canonicals, to give us the Easter greeting. At nine o'clock we from the house of the demarch and all the world started forth on our pilgrimage to meet about halfway the holy icons from the convent. All the inhabitants of the island from villages far and near were assembled to do reverence.

I was puzzled as to what could be the meaning of three round circles, like threshing-floors, left empty in the midst of the assemblage. All round were spread gay rugs, carpets, and rich brocades; every one seemed subdued by a sort of reverential awe. Papa Demetrios and two chosen priests set forth along the narrow way to the convent to fetch the icons, for no monk is allowed to participate in this great ceremony. So at the convent door year after year at Easter time the superior hands over to the three priests the three precious icons to be worshipped for a

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week. A standard led the way, the iron cross on a staff followed, the two pictures came next, and as they wended their way by the narrow path along the sea, the priests and their acolytes chanted monotonous music of praise. The crowd was now in breathless excitement as they were seen to approach, and as the three treasures were set up in the middle of the three threshing-floors, everybody prostrated himself upon his carpet and worshipped. Of the five thousand inhabitants of the island not one who was able to come was absent.

Amidst the firing of guns and ringing of bells the icons were then conveyed into the town to the Church of Christ. Here vespers were sung before a crowded audience, and the first event of the feast was over.

Monday dawned fair and bright, as days always do about Easter time in Greece. The event of the day was the arduous climb of a long procession following the priests and icons up the steep ascent of Mount Elias. At the summit is a small chapel dedicated to the prophet, and here tables were spread with food and wine to regale such of the faithful as could climb so far.

My friend, the demarch, with whom I walked, felt serious inconvenience from such violent exercise; so we sat for a while on a stone while he related to me how in times of drought these icons would be borrowed from the convent to make a similar ascent to the summit of Mount Elias, and how the peasants would follow in crowds to kneel and pray for rain.

It is strange how closely the Prophet Elias of the Christian ritual corresponds to Apollo, the sun-god; the names of Elias and Helios possibly suggested the idea. When it thunders, they say Prophet Elias is driving in his chariot after dragons,

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and his temples, like those of Phœbus Apollo, are invariably set on high, and visited with great reverence in times of drought and deluge.

The next day, Tuesday, the icons visited the once celebrated Church of St. George Balsamitis, where is the oracle of Amorgos. At the beginning of the nineteenth century this oracle was consulted by thousands: sailors from the islands around would consult it before a voyage, young men and maidens would consult it before matrimony; but during the piratical days which followed, the discovery was made that evil-intentioned men would work the oracle for their own ends. Despite all this the oracle is still much consulted by the credulous, and reminds one forcibly of the shrines of Delphi of old.

Papa Anatolius demurred much about opening the oracle for me, fearing that I intended to scoff; but at length I prevailed, and he put on his chasuble and went hurriedly through the liturgy to St. George before the altar. After this he took a tumbler, which he asked me carefully to inspect, and on my expressing satisfaction with its cleanness he proceeded to unlock a little chapel on the right side of the *narthrex*. Here was the sacred stream, which flows into a marble basin carefully kept clean. He filled the tumbler and examined its contents in the sun's rays with a microscope that he might read my destiny. He then returned to the steps of the altar and solemnly delivered his oracle of "health and success, but much controversy," according to certain unwritten rules which the priests of St. George hand down from one to another. The church of the oracle is rich and is filled with votive offerings from those whose visit to the oracle has been followed by happiness or success; most numerous are wedding wreaths and

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silver ships. Nowhere is one brought so closely face to face with the connecting links between heathendom and Christendom as in Greece.

We were all rather tired that evening on our return from the oracle, and when the bells failed to wake us early, I was not sorry that the icons had already started on pilgrimage to a distant place where I had already been.

The Sunday next after Easter may be said to be the real festival, for on this day the icons returned to their homes; the same crowd assembled to bid them farewell. Five hundred men then accompanied the three priests all the way to the convent along the narrow road, and the monks beneficently presented each with a basket of as much bread and cheese as he could carry, and this Easter dole took up well-nigh all the afternoon.

Condensed from an article by THEODORE T. BENT in *Macmillan's Magazine*

When the Dead return in Japan

I ASKED to-day why the sea was so full of stars last night — I had never noticed it at other times, but only in these three days. And then I was told the story of the Festival of the Dead, which I had heard spoken of in Tokyo in a scornful, superficial way, but which I hear is kept religiously in the provinces still.

The dear dead! Little children and old people, and all the souls that pass out of earth's family day by day, disrobed of their fair garment of the flesh, they love not the short winter days or the long dark winter nights; but when summer broods over the land, when the night is welcome because it brings a breath of coolness to those whose work is not

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yet over, then they who have laid by the wholesome tasks of earth come back in shadowy myriads to visit their old homes; to hover round those who still love and remember them; to smile, if ghosts can smile, at the food and money, clothing and sandals, and little ships for travelling, all made ready by the loving souls to whom only such earthly needs are comprehensible, but who, in preparing their humble gifts, are investing them with the only presents the spirits may take home with them again — the gift of love, which never forgets, or disbelieves, or despairs.

Just for these three days of July — the 13th, 14th, and 15th — heart-broken mothers feel the little lost son or daughter close at hand, brought back perhaps by Jizo Sama, the god who watches over the spirits of little children. The lights are lit before the small *ihai*, the death tablet, set up in the place of honor, and inscribed with a name that the little one would not have turned from his play for here, that never passed his mother's lips till he was carried away from her — his dead name, the one by which his shadowy companions call him in the yonder world. Full of comfort must these three days be for the faithful souls who are always yearning to offer some service or some token of love to the dead. Now they come back; and though no one sees them, they take their old places in their old homes. They find the house decked and garnished for their coming; the lotus flower, never used save for their honor, is gathered and set by their shrine; and many another lovely plant and sprig, all with symbolical meanings, are brought in. Rice and vegetables, fruit and cakes, are placed for them; no animal food is offered, as pure spirits would consider that a sinful nourishment; but tea is poured out with punctilious ceremony in tiny cups at stated hours. In some towns there

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is a market or fair held expressly that people may buy all they need for the entertainment of the ghosts. As these always come from the sea, torches are stuck in the sands to show them where to land; and when the three days are ended, and the travellers must go back, reluctantly, to their homes, then tiny ships are launched — straw ships of lovely and elaborate designs, freighted with dainty foods, and lighted by small lanterns. Incense, too, is burning before they set forth; and then they go, by river or stream if the sea is distant, with their little cargo of love-gifts visible, and their spirit travellers invisible, back to their joy or their sorrow in the under world.

MARY CRAWFORD FRASER
in *Letters from Japan*

Egg-rolling in Washington

MARCH and April in Washington spell for the adult the perfection of a climate which at its best no capital on earth can surpass. Color, fragrance, and an almost indefinable sense that the appropriate necessary mood is one of languid leisure are pervasive. The spring odors and flowers seem suddenly to flood the gardens and lawns. In the tiny six-by-two bed under a bay-window and in the stretches of living green by the river the daffodils have succeeded the crocus; hyacinths and flaring tulips fill the borders, and even the stems in the hedges are full of color. Over every tree there is a smoky veil where the swelling leaf-buds have blurred the winter tracery of bare twigs against the sky, but are not yet heavy enough to cast a shade.

Only the children seem energetic, especially on Easter

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Monday, the great day for Washington babies. Along Pennsylvania Avenue they stream — well-dressed, nurse-attended darlings mingling with the raggedest little coons that ever snatched an egg from a market-basket. The wide street looks as if baby-blossom time had come, for there are hundreds of the children who on this special afternoon storm the grounds of the White House for their annual egg-rolling. Long ago the sport took place on the terraces below the Capitol, and a visitor to the city then wrote: —

"At first the children sit sedately in long rows; each has brought a basket of gay-colored, hard-boiled eggs, and those on the upper terrace send them rolling to the line on the next below, and these pass on the ribbon-like streams to other hundreds at the foot, who scramble for the hopping eggs and hurry panting to the top to start them down again. And as the sport warms those on top who have rolled all the eggs they brought finally roll themselves, shrieking with laughter. Now comes a swirl of curls and ribbons and furbelows, somebody's dainty maid indifferent to bumps and grass-stains. Over yonder a queer eight-limbed creature, yelling, gasping, laughing, all at once, shakes itself apart into two slender boys racing toward the top to come down again. Another set of boys who started in a line of six with joined hands are trying to come down in somersaults without breaking the chain. On all sides the older folk stand by to watch the games of this infant Carnival which comes to an end only when the children are forced away by fatigue to the point of exhaustion, or by parental order. No one seems to know how the custom began."

When the games proved too hard a test for the grass on the Capitol terraces, Congress stopped the practice, and the President opened the slope back of the White House. No

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grown person is admitted unless accompanied by a child, but even under this restriction the annual crowd is great enough to threaten the survival of the event.

Anonymous

On the Island of Ischia

IT is only on Easter Day that the century-old ceremony which may yet be seen in many parts of Italy remains unchanged. Between eleven and midday a dense crowd collects on either side of the principal street leading past the Church of St. Maria di Tareto. Along this road, borne on men's shoulders, two painted wooden statues slowly advance. They represent the figures of St. John and the Virgin Mary, whose face is covered by a thick black veil. Opposite to them comes the Brotherhood of St. Maria Visitapoveri in long, white surplice gowns; and in their midst is carried a large golden angel; and last of all a figure of Christ, risen and triumphant. At a given signal the standard of the brotherhood is waved aside; the Christ remains stationary; and the angel, after bending before Him in salute, turns and is carried at full speed through the passage left by the spectators to announce to the Virgin that her Son is risen. The Virgin refuses to believe, and the angel returns sadly to the Christ to tell Him of his unsuccess. Again sent to the Virgin, but all in vain, he again retires; and yet again is sent upon His urgent mission to the Holy Mother, who now begins, half in doubt, to move slowly forward. Joyfully the angel reports this to the Son, who once more sends him to encourage St. John and His Mother, both of whom finally believe, and rush forward to see the great truth for themselves. During

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this curious bit of Miracle Play, the people continue to sing loudly the *Regina Cœli;* and at the meeting of Mother and Son the veil of the Virgin drops, pigeons and small birds are allowed to fly around, from every window and roof water wafers float down, and from the Campanili the bells announce that the ceremony is over. Then gradually the mass of human beings in their bright holiday garb seems to melt away like a dissolving kaleidoscope, and the streets resume their sleepy character.

The contributions to cover the expenses of the religious festivals in Ischia are subscribed by emigrant Italians in America and at the Cape, but mostly by the peasants themselves, who would fain avert all evils that menace their land — plague, pestilence, and earthquake — by insuring themselves, their vineyards, houses, boats, and fish against every possible calamity, arguing that should the ground of Ischia quake again, St. Vito, if handsomely fêted, should save at least a portion. It is their investment, and they believe implicitly in the interest it gives.

There is a quaint fashion here attached to the use of eggs at Easter. On Palm Sunday it is the custom for a young affianced girl to send a gift of a hundred and one eggs and a branch of olive to her lover; and on the day of St. Restituta, May 17, the grateful lover sends her in return twelve pounds of *torrone*, a sweet-meat peculiar to Italy, made of honey and almonds, and harder than most stones.

A young fellow asked this favor of an egg one day as he looked up at the window of a mischievous girl. "Ma certo," she answered, and fetching one fresh and raw, broke it neatly over his face. But far from discouraging him, this proceeding filled him with such hope and de-

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Anderson.

EASTER CAROLS.

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termination that they were speedily married, and have now a merry family of children, both parents probably believing it was one of the substantial sources of their prosperity.

SYBIL FITZGERALD
in *Naples*

The Russian Easter

OF the northern countries, Russia is the one which continues to attach a national and strictly orthodox importance to the several seasons of Carnival, Lent, and Easter. Carnival, or "Butter Week," as the Russians call it, is a general holiday. As with the old customs of the Western Carnivals, there are pagan relics in the Russian festival too. But the relics of paganism in Russia have often an extraordinary blending of Scandinavian and Asiatic myths, under a veneer of Christianity. There is nothing here that recalls either Greece or Rome.

In the country districts a fantastic figure called Masslianitsa (Butter Goddess) is prepared for Carnival week. The peasants drive it about upon a gayly decorated sledge, singing special songs and horovode (folk choruses) reserved for this special season. At the end of the week the Butter Goddess, which is not unlike English Guy Fawkes, is burnt, and formal farewell is bidden to pleasure for the week that precedes Easter. In the towns the favorite amusement of the people during Carnival week is sought on the exhilarating artificial ice hills. Unsweetened pancakes, or *blinni*, constitute the chief daily dish in every household. Educated Russians have now to a certain degree emancipated themselves from the strict penance and abstinence prescribed during Lent by the Orthodox Church, which

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forbids even fish on many days and during Lent week. The imperial theatres, however, usually remain closed for the forty days, dances and big social functions also cease, and, in the provinces, billiards, cards, and gambling are tabooed in the restaurants and clubs. Concerts are allowed, at which secular music is permitted. The term so familiar to English ears of so-called "sacred" music is unknown to the Russian, by the way. To his ear all good music is sacred. One week of Lent even the most lax Russians usually elect to keep rigorously. It is generally Holy Week. The churches are then crowded with penitents of both sexes, seeking absolution for their sins. Previous to approaching the confessional a quaint and rather touching custom obtains during this week, namely, the habit of asking the forgiveness of one's neighbors for any slight or wrong committed towards them.

With Easter Eve dawns the principal and most solemn Russian festival of the whole year, alike for rich and poor. At the midnight mass every church is ablaze with candle light; the shrines and icons are brilliantly illuminated, and each member of the congregation bears a lighted wax taper. The military and state officials appear in parade uniform; civilians and fashionable ladies in evening dress; the people in holiday attire. After the midnight benediction comes the blessing of the "passka" (the breaking-fast bread), consisting of a small saffron cake, a toy pyramid of stiff curds, and an egg, products of the three representative geneses of man's food — the Earth, the Cow, and the Fowl. The egg — the shell of which is broken by the newly hatched chicken — is the emblem of Christ's Resurrection from the Tomb. This trifle "bread" offering is brought by the more pious of the worshippers for the

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priest's blessing, and carried home after mass, to be placed on the festive Easter breakfast table as a symbol that the Lenten fast is at an end.

What Christmas boxes are to the English, or *les étrennes* to the French on New Year's Day, Easter gifts are to the Russians.

At Easter the Russians not only celebrate the miraculous Resurrection of the Son of God and their own spiritual awakening from the bonds of sin, but the festival also suggests to them in a very eloquent manner the resurrection of the whole earth and the release of all the agencies of nature from the enthralment of winter. Nowhere more than in the vast expanse of Northern Russia is this annually recurring lesson of the physical world so forcibly inculcated. For there perhaps more than anywhere on the face of the globe, the prolonged winter, with its frost and snow, abruptly disappears and is replaced by a verdant spring, almost summer-like in its suddenness of warmth and sunshine.

The Saturday Review

Easter Day

WEEP not beside His tomb,
Ye women unto whom
He was great comfort and yet greater grief;
Nor ye, ye faithful few that wont with Him to roam,
Seek sadly what for Him ye left, go hopeless to your home;
Nor ye despair, ye sharers yet to be of their belief;
Though He be dead, He is not dead;
Not gone, though fled;
Not lost, though vanished;
Though He return not, though

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He lies and moulders low;
In the true creed
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen.

Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.
Whate'er befell,
Earth is not hell;
Now, too, as when it first began,
Life is yet life, and man is man.
For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high cope,
Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.
Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
Or, at least, faith unbelief.
Though dead, not dead;
Not gone, though fled;
Not lost, though vanished.
In the great gospel and true creed,
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen.

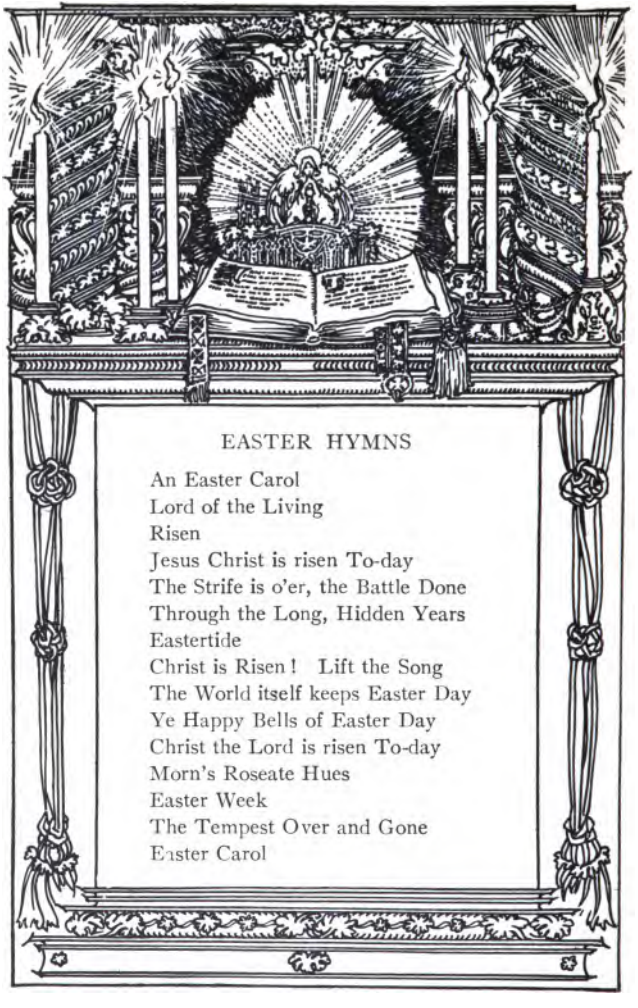
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

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III

EASTER HYMNS

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EASTER HYMNS

An Easter Carol
Lord of the Living
Risen
Jesus Christ is risen To-day
The Strife is o'er, the Battle Done
Through the Long, Hidden Years
Eastertide
Christ is Risen! Lift the Song
The World itself keeps Easter Day
Ye Happy Bells of Easter Day
Christ the Lord is risen To-day
Morn's Roseate Hues
Easter Week
The Tempest Over and Gone
Easter Carol

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LEAD us, O Shepherd true,
Thy mystic sheep, we sue;
Lead us, O holy Lord,
Who from Thy sons dost ward,
With all-prevailing charm,
Peril and curse and harm;
O Path where Christ hath trod,
O Way that leads to God,
O Word abiding aye,
O endless Light on high,
Mercy's fresh-springing flood,
Worker of all things good,
O glorious Life of all
That on their Maker call, —
Christ Jesus, hear.

From the First Christian Hymn, ascribed to Clement of Alexandria about 215 A.D. Translated by DEAN PLUMTRE

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An Easter Carol

WHAT shall the song of Easter be?
Moses' and Miriam's song by the sea!
"The Lord hath triumphed gloriously."

To-day Life won triumphantly
The final fight with Death, for He
Who won this glorious victory,

He rose to-day, to "die no more";
He vanquished in this holy war
Death's old "dominion," heretofore

Unbroken. So our song shall be,
Glory to Him Who set us free,
From Death's relentless tyranny.

Gladly our voices let us raise,
In chant and psalm and hymn and praise,
To Him Who won in wondrous ways;

Dying, to conquer death, that we,
Fearless in death, may also be
"Among the dead," as He was, "free";

And learn the power of Jesus' strife.
That through death comes the perfect life,
With joys eternal rich and rife.
And the earth that opens its thousand graves,
To make the sleeping seeds; and the waves
Of the loosened brook that the meadow laves;

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And the tiny chirp from the vocal nest,
No longer warm with the mother's breast,
Eager with wakening life's new zest,
Blend with the carol of all the rest,
And join in the song to Him Who saves,
From death, through death; each living thing,
To its own perfect life to bring;
Our conquering, risen, ascended King.

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE
in *The Churchman*, 1908

Lord of the Living

"That He might be Lord of the dead and of the living."
Romans xiv. 9

LORD of the dead, Who from the Tree
Didst reign in wondrous majesty,
Whom earth and sky their sovereign owned,
Thorn-crowned upon Thy cross enthroned;
Thou only "free among the dead,"
Lead on; we follow, safely led;
As Joseph, Israel's hosts before,
So Jesus leads death's deep sea o'er.

Lord of the living! Paradise
Still glows in sweet and strange surprise;
Since Thou proclaimedst liberty
To saints that waited long for Thee.
The King in all His beauty now
They patient see, and bending low
Beneath the altar, cry "how long"
Ere we Thy royal courts may throng?

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Lord of the living! Higher far
The glories of Thy conquest are;
"God of the living," not "the dead,"
Since all men live in Thee, their Head.
God-Man, enthroned above the skies,
One day Thy buried saints shall rise,
In Thy glad service to abide,
And with Thy likeness satisfied.

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE

Risen

THEY came, bringing spices at the break of the day
With hearts heavy-laden and sore,
And lo, from the tomb was the stone rolled away,
An angel sat there by the door!
"Why seek ye the living 'mid emblems of death?
Not here, He is risen," the shining one saith.

O type through the ages and symbol of faith,
Whose spirit is true evermore:
The hearts we have cherished we lose not in death,
The grave over love hath no power.
There sitteth the angel, there speaketh the word —
"Not here, they are risen," in silence is heard.

O ye who still watch in the valley of tears
And wait for the night to go by,
Lift, lift up your eyes, on the mountains appears
The day-spring of God from on high!

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He turneth the shadows of night into day; —
"Not here, they are risen," His shining ones say.

FREDERIC L. HOSMER
in *The Thought of God*

By permission of the author

Jesus Christ is risen To-day

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!
Who did once upon the cross,
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia! Amen.

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation hath procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing
Alleluia!

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;

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Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Alleluia! Amen.

From *Lyra Davidica.* Author and translator unknown

The Strife is o'er, the Battle Done

ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia! Amen.

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

Translated by FRANCIS POTT

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Through the Long, Hidden Years

THROUGH the long, hidden years Thou hast sought me,
A child of expectance and tears;
Through the twilight of stars Thou hast brought me,
Through doubting and manifold fears.

True, the bright Paschal moon shone out clearly,
And songs of the feast filled the air,
But the Temple the ancients loved dearly,
Oh, something was still wanting there!

All its types and dim shadows but lead me
Where now at Thy pure Altar-throne,
With Thyself, Bread of Life, Thou dost feed me,
And makest me one of Thine own.

O the beautiful stars are all paling,
The bright Paschal moon sails away,
All the types and dim shadows are failing
At break of this wonderful day!

W. CHATTERTON DIX

Eastertide

CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!
For our gain He suffered loss
By Divine decree,

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He hath died upon the cross,
But our God is He.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain! Amen.

See, the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He forevermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!

Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign."
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
O'er the universe to reign. Amen.

ARCHER T. GURNEY

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Christ is Risen

CHRIST is risen! Lift the song
Of our Easter gladness;
With the bright triumphant throng
Cast away all sadness,
Springtide flowers tell us how
We must leave the sighing,
As we pass the sorrow now
Of our earthly dying.

Lo, the Marys in the gloom
Weeping, bowed with sorrow,
Little dreaming at the Tomb
What their joy to-morrow —
Whom they sought the Lord they found
Now no more in sadness; —
Where did woe and grief abound
There He brought the gladness!

Lo, that eve in sorrow went
Two disciples walking,
All their mind on Jesus bent,
Of His Passion talking —
Till a Stranger on the road
To those hearts now burning,
Told of suffering here for God
Into Glory turning!

Lo, the Apostles met in fear
That same sorrow bearing
Till the Master came to hear
They His grief were sharing —

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Von Uhde.

EASTER MORNING.

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And through doors fast closed, once dead,
He appeared, who ever,
Loved them to the end, He said,
And would leave them never.

Lo, in all our sorrow here,
Often deep repining,
Through all doubt and darksome fear
Easter sun is shining —
Wherefore now on things above
Set we our affection —
Know the power of Jesus' Love
By His Resurrection!
Gladsome birds, fresh breezes tell
With the sunny weather
That dear Creed we love so well,
"All things rise together," —
So the angels joyfully
Taught the wondrous story, —
"Christ is risen! To Galilee
Go and preach His Glory!"

Anonymous

The World itself keeps Easter Day

THE world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all His works are living too.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

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There stood three Marys by the tomb,
On Easter morning early —
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With loving, but with erring, mind
They came the Prince of Life to find,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go tell them all, and make them blest,
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a higher joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

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The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all His works are living too.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

JOHN MASON NEALE

Ye Happy Bells of Easter Day

YE happy bells of Easter Day!
Ring! ring! your joy
Thro' earth and sky,
Ye ring a glorious word —
The notes that swell in gladness tell,
The rising of the Lord.

Ye carol bells of Easter Day!
The teeming earth,
That saw His birth
When lying 'neath the sward,
Upspringing now in joy, to show
The rising of the Lord!

Ye glory bells of Easter Day!
The hills that rise
Against the skies,
Reëcho with the word —
The victor breath that conquers death —
The rising of the Lord!

Ye passion bells of Easter Day!
The bitter cup,
He lifted up,

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Salvation to afford.
Ye saintly bells! your passion tells
The rising of the Lord!

Ye mercy bells of Easter Day!
His tender side
Was riven wide,
Where floods of mercy poured;
Redeemèd clay doth sing to-day
The rising of the Lord!

Ye victor bells of Easter Day!
The thorny crown
He layeth down:
Ring! Ring! with strong accord —
The mighty strain of love and pain,
The rising of the Lord!

Adapted by R. R. CHOPE
from an anonymous hymn

Christ the Lord is risen To-day

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo, he sets in blood no more.

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Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

CHARLES WESLEY

Morn's Roseate Hues

ALLELUIA! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky;
The Lord has risen with victory;
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry:
Alleluia.

The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given,
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven;
Alleluia.

And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has given a glorious harvest birth;
Rejoice and sing with holy mirth
Alleluia.

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Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
For He by rising burst the way:
Alleluia.

And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to Thine, shall rise:
Alleluia.

Oh, grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Alleluia.

Oh, praise the Father and the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost, — the Three in One:
Alleluia.

WILLIAM COOKE

Easter Week

SEE the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose.
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices,
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

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You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted;
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring —
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

The Tempest Over and Gone

THE tempest over and gone, the calm begun,
Lo, "it is finished," and the Strong Man sleeps:
All stars keep vigil watching for the sun,
The moon her vigil keeps.

A garden full of silence and of dew
Beside a virgin cave and entrance stone:
Surely a garden full of angels too,
Wondering, on watch, alone.

They who cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy," still,
Veiling their faces round God's throne above,
May well keep vigil on this heavenly hill
And cry their cry of love.

Adoring God in His new mystery
Of Love more deep than hell, more strong than death;
Until the day break and the shadows flee,
The Shaking and the Breath.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

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Easter Carol

O EARTH! throughout thy borders
Re-don thy fairest dress;
And everywhere, O Nature!
Throb with new happiness;
Once more to new creation
Awake, and death gainsay,
For death is swallowed up of life,
And Christ is risen to-day!

Let peals of jubilation
Ring out in all the lands;
With hearts of deep elation
Let sea with sea clasp hands;
Let one supreme *Te Deum*
Roll round the world's highway,
For death is swallowed up of life,
And Christ is risen to-day!

GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY

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IV

EASTER STORIES

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EASTER STORIES

The Myth of Demeter and Persephone
The Odour of the Ointment
Easter Eggs
Easter Eve
The Ballad of Judas Iscariot
The Easter Vision

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THE natural life is the immortal life. You know a little more truth; then a little more obedience, then more truth; forever so. But all depends on being in earnest.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

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The Myth of Demeter and Persephone

(The Homeric Hymn, to which the historian Grote has assigned a date at least as early as 600 B.C.)

"I BEGIN the song of Demeter" — says the prize-poet, or the Interpreter, the Sacristan of the holy places — "the song of Demeter and her daughter Persephone whom Aïdoneus carried away by the consent of Zeus, as she played, apart from her mother, with the deep-bosomed daughters of the Ocean, gathering flowers in a meadow of soft grass — roses and the crocus and fair violets and flags, and hyacinths, and, above all, the strange flower of the narcissus, which the Earth, favoring the desire of Aïdoneus, brought forth for the first time, to snare the footsteps of the flower-like girl. A hundred heads of blossom grew up from the roots of it, and the sky and the earth and the salt wave of the sea were glad at the scent thereof. She stretched forth her hands to take the flower; thereupon the earth opened, and the king of the great nation of the dead sprang out with his immortal horses. He seized the unwilling girl, and bore her away weeping, on his golden chariot. She uttered a shrill cry, calling upon her father Zeus; but neither man nor god heard her voice, nor even the nymphs of the meadow where she played; except Hecate only, the daughter of Persæus, sitting, as ever, in her cave, half veiled with a shining veil, thinking delicate thoughts; she, and the Sun also, heard her.

"So long as she could still see the earth, and the sky, and the sea with the great waves moving, and the beams of the sun, and still thought to see again her mother, and the race of the ever-living gods, so long hope soothed her,

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in the midst of her grief. The peaks of the hills and the depths of the sea echoed her cry. And the mother heard it. A sharp pain seized her at the heart; she plucked the veil from her hair, and cast down the blue hood from her shoulders, and fled forth like a bird, seeking Persephone over dry land and sea. But neither man nor god would tell her the truth; nor did any bird come to her as a sure messenger.

"Nine days she wandered up and down upon the earth, having blazing torches in her hands; and, in her great sorrow, she refused to taste of ambrosia, or of the cup of the sweet nectar, nor washed her face. But when the tenth morning came, Hecate met her, having a light in her hands. But Hecate had heard the voice only, and had seen no one, and could not tell Demeter who had borne the girl away. And Demeter said not a word, but fled away swiftly with her, having the blazing torches in her hands, till they came to the Sun, the watchman both of gods and men; and the goddess questioned him, and the Sun told her the whole story.

"Then a more terrible grief took possession of Demeter, and, in her anger against Zeus, she forsook the assembly of the gods and abode among men, for a long time veiling her beauty under a worn countenance, so that none who looked upon her knew her, until she came to the house of Celeus, who was then king of Eleusis. In her sorrow, she sat down at the wayside by the virgin's well, where the people of Eleusis come to draw water, under the shadow of an olive tree. She seemed as an aged woman whose time of child-bearing is gone by, and from whom the gifts of Aphrodite have been withdrawn, like one of the hired servants, who nurse the children or keep house, in kings'

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palaces. And the daughters of Celeus, four of them, like goddesses, possessing the flower of their youth, Callidice, Clesidice, Demo, and Callithoë the eldest of them, coming to draw water that they might bear it in their brazen pitchers to their father's house, saw Demeter and knew her not. The gods are hard for men to recognize.

"They asked her kindly what she did there, alone; and Demeter answered, dissemblingly, that she was escaped from certain pirates, who had carried her from her home and meant to sell her as a slave. Then they prayed her to abide there while they returned to the palace, to ask their mother's permission to bring her home.

"Demeter bowed her head in assent; and they, having filled their shining vessels with water, bore them away, rejoicing in their beauty. They came quickly to their father's house, and told their mother what they had seen and heard. Their mother bade them return, and hire the woman for a great price; and they, like the hinds or young heifers leaping in the fields in spring, fulfilled with the pasture, holding up the folds of their raiment, sped along the hollow roadway, their hair, in color like the crocus, floating about their shoulders as they went. They found the glorious goddess still sitting by the wayside, unmoved. Then they led her to their father's house; and she, veiled from head to foot, in her deep grief, followed them on the way, and her blue robe gathered itself as she walked, in many folds about her feet. They came to the house, and passed through the sunny porch, where their mother, Metaneira, was sitting against one of the pillars of the roof, having a young child in her bosom. They ran up to her; but Demeter crossed the threshold, and, as she passed through, her head rose and touched

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the roof, and her presence filled the doorway with a divine brightness.

"Still they did not wholly recognize her. After a time she was made to smile. She refused to drink wine, but tasted of a cup mingled of water and barley, flavored with mint. It happened that Metaneira had lately borne a child. It had come beyond hope, long after its elder brethren, and was the object of a peculiar tenderness and of many prayers with all. Demeter consented to remain and become the nurse of this child. She took the child in her immortal hands, and placed it in her fragrant bosom; and the heart of the mother rejoiced. Thus Demeter nursed Demophoön. And the child grew like a god, neither sucking the breast, nor eating bread; but Demeter daily anointed it with ambrosia, as if it had indeed been the child of a god, breathing sweetly over it and holding it in her bosom; and at nights, when she lay alone with the child, she would hide it secretly in the red strength of the fire, like a brand; for her heart yearned towards it, and she would fain have given to it immortal youth.

"But the foolishness of his mother prevented it. For a suspicion growing up within her, she awaited her time, and one night peeped in upon them, and thereupon cried out in terror at what she saw. And the goddess heard her; and a sudden anger seizing her, she plucked the child from the fire and cast it on the ground, — the child she would fain have made immortal, but who must now share the common destiny of all men, though some inscrutable grace should still be his, because he had lain for a while on the knees and in the bosom of the goddess.

"Then Demeter manifested herself openly. She put

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away the mask of old age, and changed her form, and the spirit of beauty breathed about her. A fragrant odor fell from her raiment, and her flesh shone from afar; the long yellow hair descended waving over her shoulders, and the great house was filled as with the brightness of lightning. She passed out through the halls; and Metaneira fell to the earth, and was speechless for a long time and remembered not to lift the child from the ground. But the sisters, hearing its piteous cries, leapt from their beds and ran to it. Then one of them lifted the child from the earth, and wrapped it in her bosom, and another hastened to her mother's chamber to awake her; they came round the child, and washed away the flecks of the fire from its panting body, and kissed it tenderly all about; but the anguish of the child ceased not; the arms of other and different nurses were about to enfold it.

"So, all night, trembling with fear, they sought to propitiate the glorious goddess; and in the morning they told all to their father, Celeus. And he, according to the commands of the goddess, built a fair temple; and all the people assisted; and when it was finished every man departed to his own home. Then Demeter returned, and sat down within the temple walls, and remained still apart from the company of the gods, alone in her wasting regret for her daughter Persephone.

"And, in her anger, she sent upon the earth a year of grievous famine. The dry seed remained hidden in the soil; in vain the oxen drew the ploughshare through the furrows; much white seed-corn fell fruitless on the earth, and the whole human race had like to have perished, and the gods had no more service of men, unless Zeus had interfered. First he sent Iris, afterwards all the gods,

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one by one, to turn Demeter from her anger; but none was able to persuade her; she heard their words with a hard countenance, and vowed by no means to return to Olympus, nor to yield the fruit of the earth, until her eyes had seen her lost daughter again. Then, last of all, Zeus sent Hermes into the kingdom of the dead, to persuade Aïdoneus to suffer his bride to return to the light of day. And Hermes found the king at home in his palace, sitting on a couch, beside the shrinking Persephone, consumed within herself by desire for her mother. A doubtful smile passed over the face of Aïdoneus; yet he obeyed the message, and bade Persephone return; yet praying her a little to have gentle thoughts of him, nor judge him too hardly, who was also an immortal god. And Persephone arose up quickly in great joy; only, ere she departed, he caused her to eat a morsel of sweet pomegranate, designing secretly thereby, that she should not remain always upon earth, but might some time return to him. And Aïdoneus yoked the horses to his chariot; and Persephone ascended into it; and Hermes took the reins in his hands and drove out through the infernal halls; and the horses ran willingly; and they two quickly passed over the ways of that long journey, neither the waters of the sea, nor of the rivers, nor the deep ravines of the hills, nor the cliffs of the shore, resisting them; till at last Hermes placed Persephone before the door of the temple where her mother was; who, seeing her, ran out quickly to meet her, like a mænad coming down a mountain side, dusky with woods.

"So they spent all that day together in intimate communion, having many things to hear and tell. Then Zeus sent to them Rhea, his venerable mother, the oldest of

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divine persons, to bring them back reconciled, to the company of the gods; and he ordained that Persephone should remain two parts of the year with her mother, and one third part only with her husband, in the kingdom of the dead. So Demeter suffered the earth to yield its fruits once more, and the land was suddenly laden with leaves and flowers and waving corn. Also she visited Triptolemus and the other princes of Eleusis, and instructed them in the performance of her sacred rites, — those mysteries of which no tongue may speak. Only, blessed is he whose eyes have seen them; his lot after death is not as the lot of other men! . . ."

The worship of Demeter belongs to that older religion, nearer to the earth, which some have thought they could discern, behind the more definitely national mythology of Homer. She is the goddess of dark caves, and is not wholly free from monstrous form. She gave men the first fig in one place, the first poppy in another; in another, she first taught the old Titans to mow. She is the mother of the vine also; and the assumed name by which she called herself in her wanderings, is Dôs — a gift; the crane, as the harbinger of rain, is her messenger among the birds. She knows the magic powers of certain plants, cut from her bosom, to bane or bless; and, under one of her epithets, herself presides over the springs, as also coming from the secret places of the earth. She is the goddess, then, at first, of the fertility of the earth in its wildness; and so far, her attributes are to some degree confused with those of the Thessalian Gaia and the Phrygian Cybele. Afterwards, and it is now that her most characteristic attributes begin to concentrate themselves, she separates herself from these confused relationships, as specially

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the goddess of agriculture, of the fertility of the earth when furthered by human skill. She is the preserver of the seed sown in hope, under many epithets derived from the incidents of vegetation, as the simple countryman names her, out of a mind full of the various experiences of his little garden or farm. She is the most definite embodiment of all those fluctuating mystical instincts, of which Gaia, the mother of the earth's gloomier offspring, is a vaguer and mistier one. There is nothing of the confused outline, the mere shadowiness of mystical dreaming, in this most concrete human figure. No nation, less æsthetically gifted than the Greeks, could have thus lightly thrown its mystical surmise and divination into images so clear and idyllic as those of the solemn goddess of the country, in whom the characteristics of the mother are expressed with so much tenderness, and the "beauteous head" of Kore, then so fresh and peaceful.

In this phase, then, the story of Demeter appears as the peculiar creation of country people of a high impressibility, dreaming over their work in spring or autumn, half consciously touched by a sense of its sacredness, and a sort of mystery about it. For there is much in the life of the farm everywhere which gives, to persons of any seriousness of disposition, special opportunity for grave and gentle thoughts. The temper of people engaged in the occupations of country life, so permanent, so "near to nature," is at all times alike; and the habitual solemnity of thought and expression which Wordsworth found in the peasants of Cumberland, and the painter François Millet in the peasants of Brittany, may well have had its prototype in early Greece. And so, even before the development, by the poets, of their awful and passionate

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story, Demeter and Persephone seem to have been pre-eminently the *venerable*, or *aweful*, goddesses. Demeter haunts the fields in spring, when the young lambs are dropped; she visits the barns in autumn; she takes part in mowing and binding up the corn, and is the goddess of sheaves. She presides over all the pleasant, significant details of the farm, the threshing-floor and the full granary, and stands beside the woman baking bread at the oven. With these fancies are connected certain simple rites; the half-understood local observance and the half-believed local legend reacting capriciously on each other. They leave her a fragment of bread and a morsel of meat, at the cross-roads, to take on her journey; and perhaps some real Demeter carries them away, as she wanders through the country. The incidents of their yearly labor become to them acts of worship; they seek her blessing through many expressive names, and almost catch sight of her, at dawn or evening, in the nooks of the fragrant fields. She lays a finger on the grass at the roadside, and some new flower comes up. All the picturesque implements of country life are hers; the poppy also, emblem of an inexhaustible fertility, and full of mysterious juices for the alleviation of pain. The countrywoman who puts her child to sleep in the great, cradle-like basket for winnowing the corn, remembers Demeter Courotrophos, the mother of corn and children alike, and makes it a little coat out of the dress worn by its father at his initiation into her mysteries. Yet she is an angry goddess too sometimes — Demeter Erinnys, the goblin of the neighborhood, haunting its shadowy places. She lies on the ground out of doors on summer nights, and becomes wet with the dew. She grows young again every spring, yet is of

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great age, the wrinkled woman of the Homeric hymn, who becomes the nurse of Demophoön. Other lighter, errant stories nest themselves, as time goes on, within the greater. The water-newt, which repels the lips of the traveller who stoops to drink, is a certain urchin, Abas, who spoiled by his mockery the pleasure of the thirsting goddess, as she drank once of a wayside spring in her wanderings. The night-owl is the transformed Ascalabus, who alone had seen Persephone eat that morsel of pomegranate, in the garden of Aïdoneus. The bitter wild mint was once a girl, who for a moment had made her jealous, in Hades. . . . Ovid gives this account of it in the Fasti — a kind of Roman calendar — for the seventh of April, the day of the games of Ceres. He tells over again the old story, with much of which, he says, the reader will be already familiar; but he has something also of his own to add to it, which the reader will hear for the first time; and, like one of those old painters who, in depicting a scene of Christian history, drew from their own fancy or experience its special setting and accessories, he translates the story into something very different from the Homeric hymn. The writer of the Homeric hymn had made Celeus a king, and represented the scene at Eleusis in a fair palace, like the Venetian painters who depict the persons of the Holy Family with royal ornaments. Ovid, on the other hand, is more like certain painters of the early Florentine school, who represent the holy persons amid the more touching circumstances of humble life; and the special something of his own which he adds, is a pathos caught from homely things, not without a delightful, just perceptible, shade of humor even, so rare in such work. All the mysticism has disap-

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peared; but, instead, we trace something of that "worship of sorrow," which has been sometimes supposed to have had no place in classical religious sentiment. In Ovid's well-finished elegiacs, Persephone's flower-gathering, the Anthology, reaches its utmost delicacy; but I give the following episode for the sake of its pathetic expression:—

"After many wanderings Ceres was come to Attica. There, in the utmost dejection, for the first time, she sat down to rest on a bare stone, which the people of Attica still call the stone of sorrow. For many days she remained there motionless, under the open sky, heedless of the rain and of the frosty moonlight. Places have their fortunes; and what is now the illustrious town of Eleusis was then the field of an old man named Celeus. He was carrying home a load of acorns, and wild berries shaken down from the brambles, and dry wood for burning on the hearth; his little daughter was leading two goats home from the hills; and at home there was a little boy lying sick in his cradle. 'Mother,' said the little girl—and the goddess was moved at the name of mother—'what do you, all alone, in this solitary place?' The old man stopped too, in spite of his heavy burden, and bade her take shelter in his cottage though it was but a little one. But at first she refused to come; she looked like an old woman, and an old woman's coif confined her hair; and as the man still urged her, she said to him, 'Heaven bless you; and may children always be yours! My daughter has been stolen from me. Alas! how much happier is your lot than mine;' and, though weeping is impossible for the gods, as she spoke, a bright drop, like a tear, fell into her bosom. Soft-hearted, the little girl and the old man

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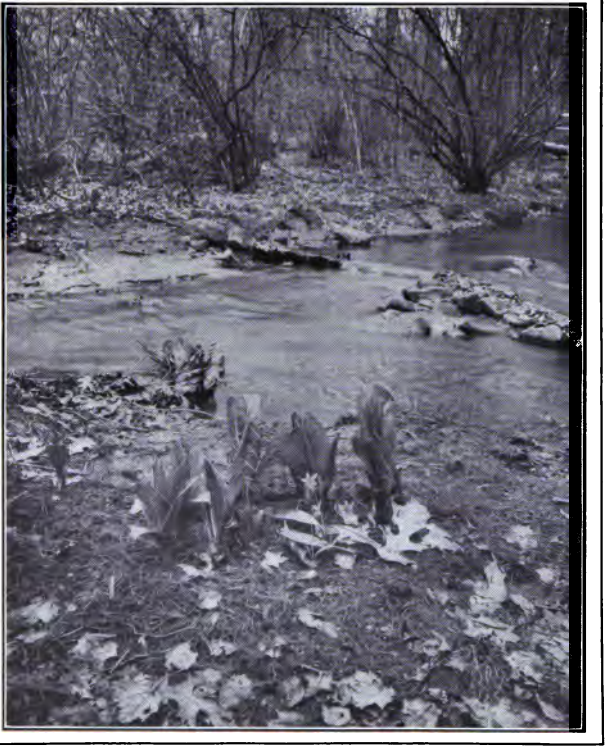
weep together. And after that the good man said, 'Arise! despise not the shelter of my little home; so may the daughter whom you seek be restored to you.' 'Lead me,' answered the goddess; 'you have found out the secret of moving me;' and she arose from the stone, and followed the old man; and as they went he told her of the sick child at home — how he is restless with pain, and cannot sleep. And she, before entering the little cottage, gathered from the untended earth the soothing and sleep-giving poppy; and as she gathered it, it is said that she forgot her vow, and tasted of the seeds, and broke her long fast, unaware. As she came through the door, she saw the house full of trouble, for now there was no more hope of life for the sick boy. She saluted the mother, whose name was Metaneira, and humbly kissed the lips of the child, with her own lips; then the paleness left its face, and suddenly the parents see the strength returning to its body; so great is the force that comes from the divine mouth. And the whole family was full of joy — the mother and the father and the little girl; they were the whole household."

WALTER PATER in *Greek Studies*

The Odour of the Ointment

ASCENSION lilies were everywhere in our shabby drawing-room. They crowded two tables and filled a corner and rose, slim and white, atop a Sheraton cabinet. Every one had sent Pelleas and me a sheaf of the flowers — the Chartres, the Cleatams, Miss Willie Lillieblade, Enid, Lisa, and dear Hobart Eddy had all remembered us on Easter eve, and we entered our drawing-room after

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THE COMING OF SPRING.

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breakfast on Easter morning to be all but greeted with a winding of the white trumpets. The sun smote them and they were a kind of candle, their light secretly diffused, premonitory of Spring, of some resurrection of light as a new element. It was a wonderful Easter day, and in spite of our sad gray hair Pelleas and I were never in fairer health; yet for the first time in our fifty years together Easter found us close prisoners.

Easter morning, and we were forbidden to leave the house!

"Etarre," Pelleas said with some show of firmness, "there is no reason in the world why we should not go."

"Ah, well now," I said with a sigh, "I wish you could prove that to Nichola. Do I not know it perfectly already?"

It is one sign of our advancing years, we must suppose, that we are prone to predicate of each other the trifles which Heaven sends. The sterner things we long ago learned to accept with our hands clasped in each other's; but when the postman is late or the hot water is cold or we miss our paper we have a way of looking solemnly sidewise.

We had gone upstairs the night before in the best of humours, Pelleas carrying an Ascension lily to stand in the moonlight of our window, for it always seems to us the saddest injustice to set the sullen extinguisher of lowered lights on the brief life of a flower. And we had been looking forward happily to Easter morning when the service is always inseparable from a festival of Spring. Then, lo! when we were awakened there was the treacherous world one glitter of ice. Branches sparkled against

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the blue, the wall of the park was a rampart of silver, and the faithless sidewalks were mockeries of thoroughfare. But the grave significance of this did not come to us until Nichola entered the dining room with the griddle cakes and found me dressed in my gray silk and Pelleas in broadcloth.

"Is it," asked our old serving-woman, who rules us as if she had brought us from Italy and we had not, more than forty years before, tempted her from her native Capri, "is it that you are mad, with this ice everywhere, everywhere?"

"It is Easter morning, Nichola," I said with the mildness of one who supports a perfect cause.

"Our Lady knows it is so," Nichola said, setting down her smoking burden, "but the streets are so thick with ice that one breaks one's head a thousand times. You must not think of so much as stepping in the ar-y."

She left the room, and the honey-brown cakes cooled while Pelleas and I looked at each other aghast.

To miss our Easter service for the first time in our life together! The thought was hardly to be borne. We reasoned with Nichola when she came back, and I think that Pelleas even stamped his foot under the table; but she only brought more cakes and shook her head, the impertinent old woman who has conceived that she must take care of us.

"One breaks one's head a thousand times," she obstinately repeated. "Our Lady would not wish it. Danger is not holy."

To tell the truth, as Pelleas and I looked sorrowfully from the window above the Ascension lilies we knew that there was reason in the situation, for the streets were peril-

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ous even to see. None the less we were frankly resentful, for it is bad enough to have a disagreeable matter occur without having reason on its side. As for our carriage, that went long ago together with the days when Pelleas could model and I could write so that a few were deceived; and as for a cab to our far downtown church and back, that was not to be considered. For several years now we have stepped, as Nichola would say, softly, softly from one security to another so that we need not give up our house; and even now we are seldom sure that one month's comfort will keep its troth with the next. Since it was too icy to walk to the car we must needs remain where we were.

"I suppose," said I, as if it were a matter of opinion, "that it is really Easter uptown too. But someway —"

"I know," Pelleas said. Really, of all the pleasures of this world I think that the "I know" of Pelleas in answer to something I have left unsaid is the last to be foregone. I hope that there is no one who does not have this delight.

"Pelleas —" I began tremblingly to suggest.

"Ah, well now," Pelleas cried resolutely, "let us go anyway. We can walk beside the curb slowly. And after all, we do not belong to Nichola." Really, of all the pleasures of this world I think that the daring of Pelleas in moments when I am cowardly is quite the last to be renounced. I hope that there is no one who has not the delight of living near some one a bit braver than himself.

With one accord we slipped from the drawing-room and toiled up the stairs. I think, although we would not for the world have said so, that there may have been in our minds the fear that this might be our last Easter to-

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gether and, if it was to be so, then to run away to Easter service would be a fitting memory, a little delicious human thing to recall among austerer glories. Out of its box in a twinkling came my violet bonnet and I hardly looked in a mirror as I put it on. I fastened my cloak wrong from top to bottom and seized two right-hand gloves and thrust them in my muff. Then we opened the door and listened. There was not a sound in the house. We ventured into the passage and down the stairs and I think we did not breathe until the outer door closed softly upon us. For Nichola, we have come to believe, is a mystic and thinks other people's thoughts. At all events, she finds out so often that we prefer to theorize that it is her penetration and not our clumsiness which betrays us.

Nichola had already swept the steps with hot water and salt and ashes and sawdust combined: Nichola is so thorough that I am astonished she has not corrupted me with the quality. Yet no sooner was I beyond the pale of her friendly care than I overestimated thoroughness, like the weak character that I am, and wished that the whole street had practised it. I took three steps on that icy surface and stood still, desperately.

"Pelleas," I said weakly, "I feel — I feel like a little nut on top of a big, frosted, indigestible cake."

I laughed a bit hysterically and Pelleas slipped my arm more firmly in his and we crept forward like the hands of a clock, Pelleas a little faster, as the tall minute hand. We turned the corner safely and had one interminable block to traverse before we reached the haven of the car. I looked down that long expanse of slippery gray, unbroken save where a divine janitor or two had interposed, and my courage failed me. And Pelleas rashly ventured on advice.

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"You walk too stiffly, Etarre," he explained. "Relax, relax! Step along slowly but easily, as I do. Then, if you fall, you fall like a child—no jar, no shock, no broken bones. Now relax—"

Before I could shape my answer Pelleas had relaxed. He lay in a limp little heap on the ice beside me, and I shall never forget my moment of despair.

I do not know where she came from, but while I stood there hopelessly reiterating, "Pelleas — why, Pelleas!" on the verge of tears, she stepped from some door of the air to my assistance. She wore a little crimson hat and a crimson collar, but her poor coat, I afterward noted, was sadly worn. At the moment of her coming, it was her clear, pale face that fixed itself in my grateful memory. She darted forward, stepped down from the curb, and held out two hands to Pelleas.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I can help you. I have on rubber boots."

Surely no interfering goddess ever arrived in a more practical frame of mind.

When Pelleas was on his feet, looking about him in a dazed and rather unforgiving fashion, the little maid caught off her crimson muffler and brushed his coat. Pelleas, with bared head, made her as courtly a bow as his foothold permitted, and she continued to stand somewhat shyly before us with the prettiest anxiety on her face, shaking the snow from her crimson muffler.

"You are not hurt, sir?" she asked, and seemed so vastly relieved at his reassurance that she quite won our hearts. "Now," she said, "won't you let me walk with you? My rubber boots will do for all three!"

We each accepted her arm without the smallest protest.

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I will hazard that no shipwrecked sailor ever inquired of the rescuing sail whether he was inconveniencing it. Once safely abroad, however, and well under way, he may have symbolized his breeding to the extent of offering a faint, polite resistance.

As "Shall we not be putting you out?" Pelleas inquired, never offering to release her arm.

And "I'm afraid we are," I ventured, pressing to her all the closer. She was frail as I, too, and it was not the rubber boots to which I pinned my faith; she was young, and you can hardly know what safety that bespeaks until you are seventy, on ice.

"It's just there, on the south corner of the avenue," Pelleas explained apologetically, and for the first time I perceived that by common consent we had turned back toward home. But neither of us mentioned that.

Then, as we stepped forward, with beautiful nicety rounding the corner to come upon our entrance, suddenly, without a moment's warning, our blackest fears were fulfilled. We ran full upon Nichola.

"Ah, I told you, Pelleas!" I murmured; which I had not, but one has to take some comfort in crises.

Without a word Nichola wheeled solemnly, grasped my other arm, and made herself fourth in our singular party. Her gray head was unprotected and her hair stood out all about it. She had thrown her apron across her shoulders, and great patches in her print gown were visible to all the world. When Nichola's sleeves wear out, she always cuts a piece from the front breadth of her skirt to mend them, trusting to her aprons to conceal the lack. She was a sorry old figure indeed, out there on the avenue in the Easter sunshine, and I inclined bitterly to resent her interference.

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"Nichola," said I, haughtily, "one would think that we were obliged to be wheeled about on casters."

Nichola made but brief reply.

"Our Lady knows you'd be better so," she said.

So that was how, on Easter morning, with the bells pealing like a softer silver across the silver of the city, Pelleas and I found ourselves back in our lonely drawing-room, considerably shaken and hovering before the fire which Nichola stirred to a leaping blaze. And with us, since we had insisted on her coming, was our new little friend, fluttering about us with the prettiest concern, taking away my cloak, untying my bonnet, and wheeling an arm-chair for Pelleas, quite as if she were the responsible little hostess and we her upset guests. Presently, the bright hat and worn coat laid aside, she sat on a hassock before the blaze and looked up at us, like a little finch that had alighted at our casement and had been coaxed within. I think that I love best these little bird-women whom one expects at any moment to hear thrilling with a lilt of unreasonable song.

"My dear," said I, on a sudden, "how selfish of us. I dare say you will have been going to church?"

She hesitated briefly,

"I might 'a' gone to the mission," she explained, unaccountably colouring, "but I don't know if I would. On Easter."

"But I should have thought," I cried, "that this is the day of days to go."

"It would be," she assented, "it would be —" she went on, hesitating, "but, ma'am, I can't bear to go," she burst out, "because they don't have no flowers. We go to the mission," she added, "and not to the grand churches. And it seems — it seems — don't you think God must be where

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the most flowers are? An' last Easter we only had one geranium."

Bless the child! I must be a kind of pagan, for I understood.

"Your flowers are beautiful," she said shyly, with a breath of content. "Are they real? I've been wantin' to ask you. I never saw so many without the glass in front. But they don't smell much," she added wistfully; "I wonder why that is."

Pelleas and I had been wondering that very morning. They looked so sweet-scented and yet were barren of fragrance; and we told ourselves that perhaps they were lilies of symbol without mission or message beyond the symbol, without hue or passion or, so to say, experience.

"Perhaps if one were to make some one happy with them or to put them in a bride's bouquet they would no longer be scentless," Pelleas quaintly said.

But now my mind was busy with other problems than those of such fragrance.

"Where do you go to church, my dear?" I asked, not daring to glance at Pelleas.

"To the mission," she said, "over —" and she named one of the poorest of the struggling East Side chapels. "It's just started," she explained, "an' the lady that give most, she died, and the money don't come. And poor Mr. Lovelow, he's the minister and he's sick — but he preaches, anyhow. And pretty near nobody comes to hear him," she added, with a curious, half-defiant emotion, her cheeks still glowing. It was strange that I, who am such a busybody of romance, was so slow to comprehend that betraying colour.

Pelleas and I knew where the mission was. We had even

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peeped into it one Sunday when, though it was not quite finished, they were trying to hold service from the unpainted pulpit. I remember the ugly walls covered with the lead-pencil calculations of the builders, the forlorn reed organ, the pushing feet upon the floor. And now "the lady who give most" had died.

"Last Easter," our little friend was reiterating, "we had one geranium that the minister brought. But now his mother is dead and I guess he won't be keeping plants. Men always lets 'em freeze. Mis' Sledge, she's got a cactus, but it hasn't bloomed yet. Maybe she'll take that. And they said that they was going to hang up the letters left from last Christmas, for the green. They don't say nothing but 'Welcome' and the 'Star of Bethlehem,' but I s'pose the 'Welcome' is always nice for a church, and I s'pose the star shines all year around, if you look. But they don't much of anybody come! Mr. Lovelow, he's too sick to visit round much. Last Sunday they was only 'leven in the whole room."

"Only 'leven in the whole room." It hardly seemed credible in New York. But I knew the poverty of some of the smaller missions, especially in a case where "the lady that give most" had died. And this poor young minister, this poor Mr. Lovelow whose mother had died and who was too sick to "visit round much," and doubtless had an indifferent, poverty-ridden parish which no other pastor wanted — I knew in an instant the whole story of the struggle. I looked over at our pots of Ascension lilies and I found myself unreasonably angry with the dear Cleatams and Chartres and Hobart Eddy and the rest for the self-indulgence of having given them to us.

At that moment my eyes met those of Pelleas. He was

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leaning forward, looking at me with an expression of both daring and doubt of my approval, and I saw his eyes go swiftly to the lilies. What was he contriving, I wondered, my heart beating. He was surely not thinking of sending our lilies over to the mission, for we could never get them all there in time, and Nichola —

"Etarre!" said Pelleas — and showed me in a moment heights of resourcefulness to which I can never attain, — "Etarre! It is only half after ten. We can't go out to service — and the mission is not four blocks from us. Why not have our little friend run over there and, if there are only two dozen or so in the chapel, have that young Mr. Lovelow bring them all over here, and let it be Easter in this room?"

He waved his hand toward the lilies waiting there all about the walls and doing no good to any save a selfish old man and woman. He looked at me, almost abashed at his own impulse. Was ever such a practical Mahomet, proposing to bring to himself some Mountain Delectable?

"Do you mean," I asked breathlessly, "to let them have services in this —"

"Here with us, in the drawing-room," Pelleas explained. "Why not? There were fifty in the room for that Lenten morning musicale. There's the piano for the music. And the lilies — the lilies —"

"Of course we will," I cried. "But, oh, will they come? Do you think they will come?"

I turned to our little friend, and she had risen and was waiting with shining eyes.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, trembling, "why, ma'am! Oh, yes'm, they'll come. I'll get 'em here myself. Oh, Mr. Lovelow, he'll be so glad. . . ."

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She flew to her bright hat and worn coat and crimson muffler.

"Mr. Lovelow says," she cried, "that a shabby church is just as much a holy temple as the ark of the government — but he was so glad when we dyed the spread for the orgin — Oh, ma'am," she broke off, knotting the crimson scarf about her throat, "do you really want 'em? They ain't — you know they don't look —"

"Hurry, child," said Pelleas, "and mind you don't let one of them escape!"

When she was gone we looked at each other in panic.

"Pelleas," I cried, trembling, "think of all there is to be done in ten minutes."

Pelleas brushed this aside as a mere straw in the wind. "Think of Nichola," he portentously amended. In all our flurry we could not help laughing at the frenzy of our old servant when we told her. Old Nichola was born upon the other side of every argument. In her we can see the history of all the world working out in a miniature of wrinkles. For Nichola would have cut off her gray hair with Sparta, hurled herself fanatically abroad on St. Bartholomew's day, borne a pike before the Bastile, broken and burned the first threshing-machine in England, stoned Luther, and helped to sew the stars upon the striped cloth in the kitchen of Betsy Ross.

"For the love of Heaven," cried Nichola, "church in the best room! It is not holy. Whoever heard o' church in a private house, like a spiritualist seeonce or whatever they are. An' me with a sponge-cake in the oven," she concluded fervently. "Heaven be helpful, mem, I wish't you'd 'a' went to church yourselves."

Chairs were drawn from the library and dining room

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and from above stairs, and frantically dusted with Nichola's apron. The lilies were turned from the windows to look inward on the room, and a little table for the Bible was laid with a white cloth and set with a vase of lilies. And in spite of Nichola, who every moment scolded and prophesied and nodded her head in the certainty that all the thunders of the church would descend upon us, we were ready when the door-bell rang. I peeped from the drawing-room window and saw that our steps were filled!

"Nichola," said I, trembling, "you will come up to service, will you not?" Nichola shook her gray old head.

"It's a nonsense," she shrilly proclaimed. "It will not be civilized. It will not be religious. I'll open the door on 'em, but I won't do nothink elst, mem."

When we heard their garments in the hall and the voice of Little Friend, Pelleas pushed back the curtains and there was our Easter, come to us upon the threshold.

I shall not soon forget the fragile, gentle figure who led them. The Reverend Stephen Lovelow came in with outstretched hand, and I have forgotten what he said or indeed whether he spoke at all. But he took our hands and greeted us as the disciple must greet the host of the House of the Upper Room. We led the way to the table, where he laid his worn Bible and he stood in silence while the others found their places, marshalled briskly by Little Friend who as captain was no less efficient than as deliverer. There were chairs to spare, and when every one was seated, in perfect quiet, the young clergyman bowed his head: —

"Lord, thou hast made thy face to shine upon us —" he prayed, and it seemed to me that our shabby drawing-room was suddenly quick with a presence more intimate than that of the lilies.

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When the hymn was given out and there was a fluttering of leaves of the hymn-books they had brought, five of our guests at a nod from Mr. Lovelow made their way forward. One was a young woman with a ruddy face, but ruddy with that strange wrinkled ruddiness of age rather than youth, who wore a huge felt hat laden with flaming roses, evidently added expressly for Easter Day. She had on a thin waist of flimsy pink with a collar of beads and silver braid, and there were stones of all colours in a half-dozen rings on her hands. She took her place at the piano with an ease almost defiant and she played the hymn not badly, I must admit, and sang in a full riotous soprano. Meanwhile, at her side was ranged the choir. There were four — a great watch-dog of a bass with swelling veins upon his forehead and erect reddish hair; a little round contralto in a plush cap and a dress trimmed with the appliqued flowers cut from a lace curtain; a tall, shy soprano who looked from one to another through the hymn, as if she were in personal exhortation; and a pleasant-faced tenor who sang with a will that was good to hear and was evidently the choir leader, for he beat time with a stumpy, cracked hand set with a huge black ring on its middle finger. The little woman next me offered her book, and I had a glimpse of a pinched side face, with a displaced strand of gray hair and a loose linen collar with no cravat; but I have seldom heard a sweeter voice than that which up-trembled beside me — although, poor little woman! she was sadly ill at ease because the thumb which rested on the book next me was thrust in a glove fully an inch too long. As for Pelleas, he was sharing a book with a youngish man, stooped, long-armed, with a mane of black hair, whom Mr. Lovelow afterward told me had lost his position

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in a sweat shop through drawing some excellent cartoons on the box of his machine. Mr. Lovelow himself was "looking over" with a mother and daughter who were later presented to us, and who embarrassed any listener by persistently talking in concert, each repeating a few words of what the other had just said, quite in fashion of the most gently bred talkers bent upon assuring each other of their spontaneous sympathy and repose.

And what a hymn it was! After the first stanza they gained in confidence, and a volume of sound filled the low room — ay, and a world of spirit, too.

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day. Hallelu-jah! . . ."

They carolled, and Pelleas, who never can sing a tune aloud, although he declares indignantly that in his head he keeps it perfectly, and I, who do not sing at all, both joined perforce in the triumphant chorus. Ah, I dare say that farther down the avenue were sweet-voiced choirs that sang music long rehearsed, golden, flowing; and yet I think there was no more fervent Easter music than that in which we joined. It was as if the other music were the censer smoke and we were its shadow on the ground, but a proof of the sun for all that.

I cannot now remember all that simple service, perhaps because I so well remember the glory of the hour. I sat where I could see the park stretching away, black upon silver and silver upon black, over the Ascension lilies. The face of the young minister was illumined as he read and talked to his people. I think that I have never known such gentleness, never such yearning and tenderness, as were his with that handful of crude and careless and devout. And though he spoke passionately and convincingly, I could not but think that he was like some dumb thing striving for the

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utterance of the secret fire within — striving to "burn aloud," as a violin beseeches understanding. Perhaps there is no other way to tell the story of that first day of the week — "early, when it was yet dark."

"They had brought sweet spices," he said, "with which to anoint him. Where are the spices that we have brought to-day? Have we aught of sacrifice, of charity, of zeal, of adoration — let us lay them at his feet in offering acceptable unto the Lord, a token of our presence at the door of the sepulchre from which the stone was rolled away. Where are the sweet spices of our hands, where the pound of ointment of spikenard wherewith we shall anoint the feet of our living Lord? For if we bring of our spiritual possession, the Christ will suffer us, even as he suffered Mary; and the house shall be filled with the odour of the ointment."

"And the house shall be filled with the odour of the ointment," I said over to myself. Is it not strange how a phrase, a vista, a bar of song, a thought beneath the open stars, will almost pierce the veil?

"And the house shall be filled with the odour of the ointment," I said silently all through the last prayer and the last hymn and the benediction of "The Lord make his face to shine upon you, the Lord give you peace." And some way, with our rising, the abashment which is an integral part of all such gatherings as we had convoked was not to be reckoned with, and straightway the presentation and the words of gratitude and even the pretty anxiety of Little Friend fluttering among us were spontaneous and unconstrained. It was quite as if, Pelleas said afterward, we had been reduced to a common denominator. Indeed, it seems to me in remembering the day as if half the principles of

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Christian sociology were illustrated there in our shabby drawing-room; but for that matter I would like to ask what complexities of political science, what profound bases of solidarity, are not on the way to be solved in the presence of Easter lilies? I am in all these matters most stupid and simple, but at all events I am not blameful enough to believe that they are exhausted by the theories.

Every one lingered for a little, in proof of the success of our venture. Pelleas and I talked with the choir and with the pianiste, and this lady informed us that our old rosewood piano, which we apologetically explained to have been ours for fifty years, was every bit as good and every bit as loud as a new golden-oak "instrument" belonging to her sister. The tall, shy soprano told us haltingly how much she enjoyed the hour and her words conveyed sincerity in spite of her strange system of overemphasis of everything she said and of carrying down the corners of her mouth as if in deprecation. The plump little contralto thanked us, too, with a most winning smile — such round, open eyes she had, immovably fixed on the object of her attention, and as Pelleas said such *evident* eyes.

"Her eyes looked so amazingly like eyes," he afterward commented whimsically.

We talked too with the little woman of the long-thumbed gloves who had the extraordinary habit of smiling faintly and turning away her head whenever she detected any one looking at her. And the sweat-shop cartoonist proved to be an engaging young giant with the figure of a Greek god, classic features, a manner of gravity amounting almost to hauteur, and as pronounced an East Side dialect as I have heard.

"Will you not let us," I said to him, after Mr. Lovelow's

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word about his talent, "see your drawings some time? It would give us pleasure."

Whereupon, "Sure. Me, I'll toin de whol' of 'em over to youse," said the Greek god, thumbs out and shoulders flickering.

But back of these glimpses of reality among them there was something still more real; and though I dare say there will be some who will smile at the affair and call that interest curiosity and those awkward thanks mere aping of convention, yet Pelleas and I, who have a modest degree of intelligence and who had the advantage of being present, do affirm that on that Easter morning countless little doors were opened in the air to admit a throng of presences. We cannot tell how it may have been, and we are helpless before all argument and incredulity, but we know that a certain stone was rolled away from the door of the hearts of us all, and there were with us those in shining garments.

In the midst of all I turned to ask our Little Friend some trivial thing, and I saw that which made my old heart leap. Little Friend stood before a table of the lilies and with her was young Mr. Lovelow. And something — I cannot tell what it may have been, but in these matters I am rarely mistaken; and something — as she looked up and he looked down — made me know past all doubting how it was with them. And this open secret of their love was akin to the mysteries of the day itself.

The gentle, sad young clergyman and our Little Friend of the crimson muffler had suddenly opened to us another door and admitted another joyous presence. I cannot tell how it may be with every one else, but for Pelleas and me one such glimpse — a glimpse of two faces alight with happiness on the street, in a car, or wherever they may be — is

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enough to make glad a whole gray week. Though to be sure no week is ever wholly gray.

I was still busy with the sweet surprise of this and longing for opportunity to tell Pelleas, when they all moved toward the door and with good-bys filed into the hall. And there in the anteroom stood Nichola, our old servant, who brushed my elbow and said in my ear: —

"Mem, every one of 'em looks starvin'. I've a kettle of hot coffee on the back of the range an' there's fresh sponge-cake in plenty. I've put cups on the dinin' room table, an' I thought —"

"Nichola!" said I, in a low and, I must believe, ecstatic tone.

"An' no end o' work it's made me too," added our old servant, sourly, and not to be thought in the least gracious. It was a very practical ending to that radiant Easter morning, but I dare say we could have devised none better. Moreover, Nichola had ready sandwiches, and a fresh cheese of her own making, and a great bowl of some simple salad dressed as only her Italian hands can dress it. I wondered as I sat in the circle of our guests, a vase of Easter lilies on the table, whether Nichola, that grim old woman who scorned to come to our service, had yet not brought her pound of ointment of spikenard very precious.

"You and Mr. Lovelow are to spend the afternoon and have tea with us," I whispered Little Friend, and had the joy of seeing the telltale colour leap gloriously to her cheek and a telltale happiness kindle in his eyes. I am never free from amazement that a mere word or so humble a plan for another's pleasures can give joy. Verily, one would suppose that we would all be so busy at this pastime that we would almost neglect our duties.

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So when the others were gone these two lingered. All through the long spring afternoon they sat with us beside our crackling fire of bavin-sticks, telling us of this and that homely interest, of some one's timid hope and another's sacrifice, in the life of the little mission. Ah, I dare say that Carlyle and Hugo have the master's hand for touching open a casement here and there and letting one look in upon an isolated life, and, sympathizing for one passionate moment, turn away before the space is closed again, with darkness; but these two were destined that day to give us glimpses not less poignant, to open to us so many unknown hearts, that we would be justified in never again being occupied with our own concerns.

And when after tea they stood in the dusk of the hallway trying to say good-by, I think that their secret must have shone in our faces too; and, as the children say, "we all knew that we all knew," and life was a thing of heavenly blessedness.

Young Mr. Lovelow took the hand of Pelleas, and mine he kissed.

"The Lord bless you, the Lord make his face to shine upon you, the Lord give you peace," was in his eyes as he went away.

"And, oh, sir," Little Friend said shyly to Pelleas as she stood at the top of the steps, knotting her crimson muffler, "ain't it good, after all, that Easter was all over ice?"

That night Pelleas carried upstairs a great armful of the Ascension lilies to stand in the moonlight of our window. We took lilies to the mantel, and set stalks of bloom on the table, with their trumpets turned within upon the room.

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And when the lower lights had been extinguished and Nichola had bidden us her grumbling good night, we opened the door of that upper room where the moon was silvering the lilies; and we stood still, smitten with a common surprise.

"Pelleas," I said uncertainly, "O Pelleas, I thought —"

"So did I," said Pelleas, with a deep breath.

We bent above the lilies that looked so sweet-scented and yet had been barren of fragrance because, we had told ourselves, they seemed flowers of symbol without mission or message beyond the symbol, without hue or passion, or, so to say, experience. ("Perhaps if one were to make some one happy with them or to put them in a bride's bouquet they would no longer be scentless," Pelleas had quaintly said.) And now we were certain, as we stood hushed beside them, that our Easter lilies were giving out a faint, delicious fragrance.

I looked up at Pelleas almost fearfully in the flood of spring moonlight. The radiance was full on his white hair and tranquil face, and he met my eyes with the knowledge that we were suddenly become the custodians of an exquisite secret. The words of the young servant of God came to me understandingly.

"And the house shall be filled with the odour of the ointment," I said over. "O Pelleas," I added tremulously, "do you think . . ."

Pelleas lifted his face and I thought that it shone in the dimness.

"Ah, well," he answered, "we must believe all the beautiful things we can."

ZONA GALE in *The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre*

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Easter Eggs

MANY centuries ago there dwelt in a little valley surrounded by mountains a few poor charcoal-burners. The narrow valley was closed in on every side by trees and rocks. The huts of the poor peasants lay scattered around. A few cherry or plum trees planted beside each hut — a little tillage and pasture land — a patch of flax and hemp — a cow and one or two goats, constituted all their riches, though they earned a trifle besides by burning charcoal for the iron works in the mountains. Poor as they were, however, they were nevertheless a very happy little community, for they wanted nothing else. Their hardy mode of life, their constant toil and temperate habits, made them very healthy; and in these poor little huts you might see (what you would seek in vain in palaces) men over a hundred years of age.

One day, when the corn was just beginning to ripen, and the heat had become very great in the mountains, a little charcoal-girl, who had been tending her goats, came running down, out of breath, to tell her parents that some strange people had arrived in the valley, who wore wonderful clothes and spoke with a strange accent — a beautiful lady with two children and a very old man, who, though he also wore a very rich dress, seemed to be her servant.

"Ah," said the little girl, "the poor people are hungry and thirsty and very tired. I met them in the mountains, as I was searching for a stray goat, and I showed them the way to our valley. We must take them out something to eat and drink, and see whether, among the neighbors and ourselves, we cannot get them lodgings for the night."

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Her parents immediately got some oaten bread, milk, and goat's cheese, and hastened out to meet them. The strangers, meanwhile, had been resting themselves under the cool shade of the bushes — the lady was sitting upon a moss-grown stone, and had drawn a white veil over her face. One of the children, a very pretty delicate little girl, sat upon her knee; the old servant, a man of venerable appearance, was employed in unloading the mule which they had with them; and the other child, a handsome, lively boy, was giving a handful of thistles to the mule, who ate them contentedly.

The charcoal-burner and his wife approached the strange lady with deference, for her graceful figure, noble bearing, and flowing white dress proclaimed her to be of high rank.

"Just look," said the charcoal-burner's wife, in a low tone, to her husband, "at the beautiful pointed collar, and the lace cuffs which just show her delicate hands; and her shoes are as white as cherry blossoms, and spangled with silver flowers!"

"Hold your tongue," said her husband, "you are always thinking of some nonsense like that. Great folk are entitled to fine clothes; but after all, dress does not make a person one whit better, and the poor lady, in spite of her beautiful shoes, has had to walk many a weary step over the rough roads!"

They advanced and offered their bread, milk, and cheese to the strange lady. She threw back her veil, and they were both filled with admiration of her beauty and the gentle expression of her features. She thanked them very much, and immediately gave a cup of the milk to the child in her lap: and the tears streamed down her

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cheeks, as the poor little thing clutched the cup fast with both her hands and drank eagerly. The pretty boy, too, came and drank. She then gave them some bread, and afterwards drank herself and ate some of the bread; while the strange man cut huge slices of the cheese, and seemed to enjoy it very much. Meanwhile the cottagers, young and old, came out of their huts, and stood round in a circle watching the newcomers with curious and wondering eyes.

As soon as the old man had done eating, he earnestly begged them to provide, in some of their huts, a little room for the lady for a short time, promising that she should not be a burden to them, but should pay liberally for everything.

"Ah, yes," said the lady herself, in a soft, pleasing voice, "do take pity on an unhappy mother and her two little ones, whom fate has driven from their home!"

The men went together to consult in what house she could most conveniently be received. In the upper part of the valley there was a little stream which burst out from among the red marble cliffs, and fell from rock to rock in a mass of milky foam, turning in its course a mill which hung upon the edge of the precipice. On the opposite side of the stream the miller had built another pretty little house. Like all the other houses in the valley, it was but a wooden one; but it was extremely pretty, charmingly shaded by overhanging cherry trees and surrounded by a garden. This house the miller offered the strange lady to take her abode in.

"My new cottage, above yonder," said he, pointing with his hand, "I most cheerfully give up to you, just as it stands. It is perfectly new; no one has ever lived

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in it yet. I built it as a place to which I might retire when I should give up the mill to my son. It was only yesterday it was completed, and to-day you can take possession of it, just as if I had built it expressly for yourself. I am sure you will like it."

The good lady was delighted with this friendly offer, and after she had rested a little, went to look at the cottage. She carried the little girl in her arms, and the old man led the boy by the hand, while the miller took charge of the mule. To the great joy of the miller, she was delighted with the little house. It was already provided with a table, and a few chairs and bedsteads.

The lady had brought on the mule's back some handsome carpets and covers; so she was able to take up her lodging for the night, thanking God that, after their long wanderings, He had brought them to so pleasant a spot.

Very early next morning the lady and her two children came out of their cottage, to take a look at the surrounding country, for the day before they were too tired to do so. She was charmed with the prospect. The huts of the charcoal-burners lay far below, as if sown in twos or threes in the green valley. The mill-stream wound, clear as silver, midway between on the hills and cliffs, which were covered with green brushwood on which the goats were browsing, and it presented, in the morning sunshine, a picture which no art could surpass. . . .

Summer and autumn passed, and the winter came. In this wild region it was very severe. For months together the little huts in the valley lay as if buried in snow, the smoking chimneys and parts of the roofs alone appearing above the white covering. Not a bit of the space between

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Fra Angelico.

PARADISE.

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the rocks could be seen, the mill stood still, and the waterfalls hung stiff and noiseless upon the cliffs. Neighbors seldom could meet each other now; and when at last the snow disappeared, and the spring returned once more, great was the delight of all.

The children of the valley immediately came up to the mill and brought to the two little strangers, Edmund and Blanda, the earliest violets and cowslips which they could find in the valley; and as soon as there were sufficient of these sweet spring flowers, they made for them a most beautiful blue and yellow garland.

"I must make some return to these kind children also," said the lady. "I shall get up a little festival for them next Easter Day; for it is right to make these holidays as happy as possible to children. But what shall I give them? At Christmas I was able to give them apples and nuts which I sent for the purpose; but at this season one has nothing in the house but a few eggs. Nature has not yet produced her rich stores. The trees and bushes are without fruits or berries — eggs are the earliest gift of the spring."

"Ah, yes!" said Martha, "if the eggs were not so much all of one color. White is certainly a nice color, but the various tints of the fruits and berries, and the rosy cheeks of the apples are far prettier."

"Your suggestion is not a bad one," said her kind mistress; "I will boil the eggs hard, and color them in the boiling, which can be easily done. The children, I am sure, will be highly delighted with the different colors."

The clever lady knew all about the different roots and mosses which may be used for dyeing: and she colored

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the eggs in a variety of ways; some she made blue, others yellow, others a beautiful rose color; and some she wrapped in tender green leaves, which left their impress on the eggs, and gave them an extremely pretty variegated appearance. On some of them she wrote a little rhyme.

"Yes," said the miller, when he saw them, "these colored eggs are just the thing for the festival, — now that Nature has laid aside her white attire, and dresses herself out in all her varied hues. The good lady does just like God, who not only gives His fruits an agreeable flavor, but also makes them beautiful and pleasing to the eye; — as He dyes the cherry red, the plum purple, and the pear yellow, so does she dye her eggs."

The lady now sent Martha round the valley to invite all the children who were of the same age as Edmund and Blanda to a little juvenile festival on Easter Day.

Easter Day, this season, proved an extremely beautiful spring day — a true resurrection of nature. The sun seemed so lovely and warm, the sky so clear and blue, that it was really charming and imparted new life to everything around. The meadows in the valley were already a lovely green, and here and there dotted with flowers. Every one enjoyed the sight of enjoyment and happiness.

Long before daybreak the lady and old Kuno were upon their way to the church, which lay at a distance of more than two miles beyond the mountains, Edmund and Blanda remaining at home meanwhile, under Martha's care; and the grown-up people of the valley, with the elder children who were equal to the journey, accompanied her to church. Towards midday the lady reached home, riding on the mule which Kuno led, but it was long after

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this hour, in fact nearly evening, when the cottagers and their children returned.

The moment the lady returned, her little guests, who had been left home, and were anxiously longing for her return, came up full of joy, all dressed out in their little finery, and assembled before her door. She came out with Edmund and Blanda, greeted them all affectionately, and brought them into the garden, which Kuno had taken great pains in improving last year, and had extended to the foot of the precipice. The lady sat down on a little bench under a tree, and called the children close to her. They all thronged around, and looked up to her with affectionate smiles while she told them in simple language the beautiful old story of the first Easter Day.

The children all listened to her with great attention, and when she had finished she paused for a moment and looked round at her young hearers. Among them she noticed a brother and sister dressed in deep mourning, and, hearing that they had lost their mother a few days before, she showed them how they might draw comfort from the story of the resurrection, and look forward in joyous hope to beholding their dear mother once more in Paradise.

She now brought the children to the shelter of the rock, where Kuno had prepared a large oval table upon a nice gravelled spot. The table was covered with a colored cloth, and seats of fresh green sods were arranged around it. The children, with Edmund and Blanda in the midst of them, took their places at it. All eyes beamed with joy, and with anticipation of the coming entertainment, and it would not be easy to imagine a more interesting sight than the little circle of yellow and brown locks and

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happy faces which surrounded the table. "A wreath of the most beautiful lilies and roses," said the lady to herself, "is nothing in comparison with it!"

A large earthen dish filled with warm custard was now placed upon the table, and before each of the little guests was set a nice new bowl, filled with the custard. They enjoyed it exceedingly. The lady then brought them out through a side gate of the garden, into the little pine grove which stood close by. There were nice green plots of grass between the young trees, and here the lady told each of the children to make a little nest with the moss which grew in profusion upon the rocks and trees round about. They joyfully obeyed, those who were not able to make the nest themselves being helped by their more clever companions; and then they all carefully marked their own nests.

Then she brought them again into the garden; when, behold! they found upon the table a huge cake — made with eggs, and shaped like an immense crown. Each of the children was helped to a large slice, and while they were eating, Martha slipped quietly into the grove with a large basketful of colored eggs, and laid them in the little nests. The blue, red, yellow, or variegated eggs looked very pretty amongst the delicate green moss, of which the nests were formed.

When the children had finished eating, the lady called them to come and look at their nests — and, behold! in every nest were found five eggs of the same color, with a verse upon one of the number. . . . They all consisted of but a few simple and unstudied words; they were inscribed both on the eggs which she had already distributed, and on another set which she afterwards

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divided among the children. Some of them were as follows: —

To thee our earthly food we owe,
Grant us, O Lord, thy gifts to know!

One thing is needful — only one —
Love God, my child, and Him alone.

On God's protecting arm rely;
To Him in all thy sorrows fly!

A docile child its parents' will
Is ever ready to fulfil.

The liar's steps shame will pursue;
His word is doubted, e'en when true.

A truly good and pious man
Assists his neighbour when he can.

Gentle thoughts and self-control
Bring peace and comfort to the soul.

The world and all its joys decay;
Virtue alone endures for aye.

The spring and summer passed over in the valley without anything remarkable happening. The charcoal, burners tilled their little farms, and then went to the forest to burn charcoal; their wives attended to the housekeeping at home, and reared a great number of hens; and the children would often ask whether Easter would not soon come again. But the noble lady was often very unhappy. Her faithful old servant, who till now had

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always been at her side, and who in the commencement used to make journeys of greater or less extent for her upon her business, was no longer able to leave the valley, for his health began to fail; and, indeed, when autumn came, and the leaves began to grow brown upon the bushes, he could hardly even leave the house to enjoy what he dearly loved, a little bask in the genial sunshine. His mistress shed many an anxious tear for the good old man who was her last support, and she bitterly felt getting no news from her dear native land, and being shut out from the rest of the world in this secluded valley.

A circumstance occurred, too, which filled her with no little alarm. One morning some of the charcoal-burners came home from the forest and told the miller that the night before, as they were sitting quietly by their burning heap, four strange men suddenly came upon them, with iron helmets, and coats of mail, and with huge swords by their side, and long lances in their hands. They said they were retainers of the Count von Schroffeneck, who had come into the mountains with a large train; and they inquired about everything in the neighborhood. The miller hastened with his news to the lady, who at that moment was sitting by Kuno's sick-bed. The moment he mentioned the name of Schroffeneck, she turned pale and cried out: "O my God! it is my deadliest foe — I am sure he seeks nothing else but my life. I hope the people did not let the strangers know where I am living!" The miller assured her that as far as he knew they had not mentioned her at all.

"The men," said he, "only warmed themselves at the fire, and went away before daybreak; but they are still, no doubt, reconnoitring through the mountains."

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"Dear Oswald!" said the lady to the miller, "ever since I came to your house, I have always found you a conscientious, upright, honest man. I will, therefore, tell you my whole history, and the anxiety which now fills my heart, for I reckon upon your counsel and assistance.

"I am Rosalind, daughter of the Duke of Burgundy. Two noble lords, Hanno of Schroffeneck, and Arno of Lindenburg, were suitors for my hand. Hanno was the richest and most powerful lord in the country around, and had the largest train of retainers, and the strongest castles; but he was wanting in virtue and nobleness of soul. Arno was the bravest and noblest knight in the land; but, in comparison with his rival, he was poor, for he had inherited from his generous father nothing but one old castle and had never attempted to enlarge his possessions by violence. To him, notwithstanding, I gave my hand with my father's consent, and I brought him large domains, and many strong castles as my dowry. Our life was a paradise on earth.

"But Hanno of Schroffeneck conceived a deadly hate against me and my husband, and became our mortal enemy, though he concealed his hatred, and made no open display of it for a time. At last my husband was called to accompany the emperor in his expedition against the Moslems. Hanno was summoned also; but he contrived, under various pretexts, to delay his preparations, merely promising to join the army as soon as possible. But while my husband and his vassals were engaged in the most distant part of the kingdom, fighting for their country, the false Hanno invaded our territory, and there was not a soul to oppose him. He laid everything waste far and wide, and stormed one castle after another, till at last

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nothing remained for me but to fly secretly with my two darling children. My good old Kuno was my only guardian angel upon this perilous flight during which I was constantly exposed to Hanno's pursuit. He brought me to these mountains, where I have lived so peacefully in this secluded and unknown valley. Here it was my purpose to remain till my husband should return from the war, and recover our domains from the usurper. Kuno used to go from time to time to the great world, to learn news of the war, but he always came back with sad tidings; the wicked Hanno was still in possession of our lands, and the war was still continuing with varying success at the frontier. But now for nearly a year my good Kuno has been sick, and all this time I know nothing either of my country or my beloved husband. Alas! perhaps he has long fallen under the sword of the enemy. Perhaps Hanno, who is now so close to us, has discovered my secret hiding-place — and if so, what will become of me? Oh! beg the charcoal-burners, dear Oswald, not to betray me!"

"What, betray you?" cried the miller, "I will answer for them all — every one of them would die for you! Before the hateful tyrant of Schroffeneck shall lay a finger upon you, he will first have to kill us all. Do not be afraid, noble lady!"

The charcoal-burners repeated the same protestations when the miller spoke to them. "Just let him come!" they cried, "we will give him a lesson with our bill-hooks!"

Meanwhile the good lady's days were spent in fear and anxiety. She would hardly venture out of the house, and never let her children from the doors. Her life was very anxious and sad. But when all was quiet again in the mountain, and nothing more was heard of the armed

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men, she at last ventured to take a walk. It was a lovely day, late in the harvest, after a long continuance of rain. A few hundred paces from her hut stood a sort of rustic chapel, built of rough pine boards, and open in front. But it contained a very pretty picture of the Flight into Egypt, which Kuno had once brought home on one of his journeys, to cheer the good lady in her exile.

Behind the chapel rose a steep wall of rock, and in front stood a few pine trees, which formed a pleasant shade over the entrance. The place had such an air of quiet and repose, that one felt a pleasure in staying there. A grassy path between picturesque rocks and shrubs led to it, and it was the lady's favorite walk. This time, however, she was not entirely without anxiety. She knelt down for a while with her children at the little stool at the entrance of the chapel. She prayed for a while, and then sat down upon the bench. The children meanwhile were gathering blackberries and amusing themselves by comparing them to little black bunches of grapes, till by degrees they had strayed some distance away.

While the lady sat thus alone, suddenly a pilgrim appeared among the rocks and approached the chapel. He wore a long black dress, and a short cloak over it. His hat was adorned with scallop-shells, and in his hand he carried a long white staff. He appeared to be very old, but was still a stately, handsome man: his long white hair, which flowed down upon his shoulders, and his beard, were as white as snow, but his cheeks still retained all the bloom of the rose. The lady was alarmed when she saw the stranger. He saluted her respectfully and addressed her, but she was very cautious and reserved in her conversation, and looked with great coldness upon him, as though she

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wished to discover whether she ought to trust a total stranger, of whom she knew absolutely nothing.

"Noble lady," said the pilgrim at last, "be not afraid of me, I am not such a stranger as you think. You are Rosalind of Burgundy. I am well acquainted with the cruel destiny which drove you to take refuge amid these rugged rocks. Your husband, too, from whom you are near three years parted, is well known to me. While you have been living in this distant spot many changes have taken place in the world. If you are anxious to hear about the good Arno of Lindenburg, and if his memory still lives in your heart, I can give you some good news about him. The war is over. The Christian army is coming home, crowned with the laurels of victory. Your husband has recovered the places that were wrested from him. The wicked Hanno escaped into the fastnesses of this mountain; but even from this last retreat he must soon be driven. The sole, the ardent wish of your husband is to find once more his beloved spouse."

"O God! what joyful news!" exclaimed the lady as she sank on her knees, while big tears rolled down her cheeks. "From my heart I thank Thee, O God," she said. "Thou hast seen my tears, Thou hast heard my silent sighs, Thou hast granted my ceaseless prayers. Oh! Arno, Arno, may that happy moment soon come, when I shall see you once more, and present to you those children who were babies when you left us, and who now for the first time can call you by the endearing name of father!"

"O stranger!" said she to the pilgrim, "who can doubt whether I still cherish my husband's memory, and have his love still fresh and ardent in my heart? My children, come here," said she, turning to her two little ones, who

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stood at a distance watching the strange man with curiosity, but too shy to approach.

"Edmund," said she, addressing the boy, and telling him at the same time not to be afraid, "Edmund, repeat for this stranger the little prayer we say every morning for your father." The boy, clasping his hands devoutly, and raising his eyes to heaven, as in actual prayer, repeated in a loud, impressive, and affecting tone, the following words: "Dear heavenly Father, look down on us two poor little orphans! Our father is in the wars — oh! save him from death. We resolve to be good, that we may give joy to our dear father when he comes back to us. Oh! hear our prayer."

"And you, Blanda," said she to a little yellow-haired, rosy-cheeked girl, "repeat the prayer we say every evening for your father, before we retire to rest." "Dear heavenly Father, before we retire to rest, we pray to Thee for our father. May he sleep in peace this night, and be guarded from all harm by Thy holy angels. Send down sweet sleep to our mother, that she may forget her great griefs for a while; or, should soft sleep be not granted her, let it fall on the eyelids of our dear father. May that happy morn soon dawn which shall behold us united once more!"

"Amen, Amen," said the mother, clasping her hands, and looking tearfully to heaven.

At this moment the pilgrim burst into tears and wept aloud.

He flung off the pilgrim's garb, hair, mantle, and frock, and stood before them in the dazzling uniform of a knight, glittering with gold and purple. He was in the full glow of youthful beauty, full of health and vigor. He stretched out his arms towards his wife and children, and in a voice of

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the most heartfelt emotion, exclaimed, "Oh! Rosalind, my wife, and Edmund and Blanda, my dear children!"

This sudden, unexpected joy almost overpowered the wife. The children, who, when they had seen the pilgrim weeping, looked at their mother as if to beg her to help him, were now, when they heard their own names, startled, and almost frightened at what they believed was a miracle occurring before their eyes; for they imagined nothing less than that, as their mother had often told them in the legends she used to relate to them, the old man changed himself into a beautiful youth — or an angel from heaven; so much were they struck by the appearance of their father, who in reality was the handsomest knight in the whole Christian army.

What was their delight when their mother assured them, that the handsome gentleman was their beloved father, of whom she had so often told them; and in this happy meeting the hours fled away almost as rapidly as though they had been moments.

Rosalind learned from her husband's conversation that he had been coming in all haste, with strong escort, to convey her from this retreat; but that the steepness of the roads had compelled him to leave his train behind, and to hasten forward alone, on foot, in this pilgrim garb, which he had often used before, in order to see her the sooner, to satisfy himself by personal inspection that she and her children were well, and to prepare her for the joyful news. She now asked how he had discovered her retreat.

"Dearest Rosalind," said he, "this happy reunion is the fruit of your own charity to the poor, especially to the poor children of this valley. Had it not been for your kind heart, we should not have met so soon — perhaps we should

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never have met again, for you were beset on all sides by our enemies, and might easily have fallen into their hands. It was not till the arrival of my party in the mountains that Hanno finally retreated."

He showed her the painted egg with the inscription: —

On God's protecting arm rely;
To Him in all thy sorrows fly!

"This egg," said he, "was, under God, the means of reuniting us. For a long time I had been sending numberless messengers in search of you, but always without success. At last Eckbert, one of my squires, whom I had given up for lost, he had been so long absent, returned from an expedition. He had fallen into a ravine, and was on the point of perishing with hunger, when a strange youth saved his life by giving him a couple of eggs to eat, and gave him this egg also, with the beautiful inscription, as a souvenir of his escape. Eckbert showed me the egg, and what was my surprise, when at the first glance I discovered your handwriting! We instantly set out, and rode to the great marble works in which the good youth was employed, and he directed me hither. Had not your kind heart prompted you to give this little feast of eggs to the children, — had not your goodness inspired you to think of the wants of the soul as well as of the body, and to write these pretty rhymes upon the eggs, — had not you all, you, my dear little Edmund, and my darling Blanda, been so kind to the strange youth, we might never have enjoyed this happy day! I shall have this egg, therefore, cased in gold and pearls, and hung up in our castle chapel as an everlasting memorial of the event."

Meanwhile, evening had begun to close, and the stars

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began to appear here and there in the clear heaven. Count Arno with his lady leaning upon his arm, and the children tripping before them, came to their humble dwelling. Here new joys awaited them. The squire and his deliverer, Fridolin, were already there, and had told the news to Kuno, whom the joyous tidings of his master's return had made almost well again. The good youth, Fridolin, first advanced and saluted the lady and her children most joyfully, as old acquaintances. Next came Eckbert, the squire, who owed his life to the eggs. "Permit me, dear countess," said he, approaching respectfully, "to kiss the hand to which, under God's guidance, I am indebted for my life!"

The count embraced Kuno as his most trusty servant, and shook with true gratitude the hand of the honest miller, who stood by in full holiday costume in his blue Sunday coat. They all supped in happiness and contentment.

The next morning the valley was a scene of joyous excitement. The news of the arrival of the lady's husband, a great, very great lord, set them all in commotion. Big and little came up to see him; and the little hut was surrounded by the people. The count, with his wife and children, came out and received them all affectionately, thanking them all for their kindness to his wife and little ones. "Oh, we are not her benefactors," they replied, with tears in their eyes, "'tis she, 'tis she, who is our greatest benefactress!" The count talked with them for a long time, speaking individually to each, and left them all impressed by his kindness.

Meanwhile the count's train had, with the assistance of some charcoal-burners, discovered a road into the valley. Several knights, and a host of retainers on horseback and on foot, marched, amid the sound of trumpets, between two

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wooded mountains into the valley, their helmets and lances glittering in the sunbeams. They saluted their long-lost mistress with heart-felt joy, and their shouts of triumph were reëchoed by the rocks all around.

Count Arno remained for a few days, and the evening before his departure, with his wife and children and Kuno and the rest of his train, he entertained all the inhabitants of the valley at a feast. The table presented a very motley appearance with the miller and charcoal-burners scattered amid knights and men-at-arms. At the close, he distributed rich presents among his guests, especially to the worthy miller; Martha remained in the countess's service. He provided especially for the mother, brother, and sister of the good youth Fridolin.

"For you, my dear little friends," said he to the children, "I shall establish an annual festival in memory of my wife's stay among such good people. Every Easter, eggs, of all varieties of color, shall be distributed among the children."

"And I," said the countess, "will extend this custom throughout our entire dominions, and order that colored eggs shall be similarly distributed there, in memory of my deliverance." And she kept her word: and the eggs were called *Easter Eggs;* and this pretty custom, by degrees, extended throughout the entire country.

From the German of CHRISTOPH VON SCHMID

Easter Eve

EASTER Eve of the year 187–.

Night had already fallen upon the silenced world. The earth, warmed during the day, was now fanned by

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the sharp breeze of a spring night frost and seemed to be deeply breathing. This exhalation beneath the rays of the glimmering, star-speckled firmament created pale mists, that rose like clouds of incense to meet the coming holiday.

All was still. The small provincial metropolis of N——, wrapped in damp chill, was silently waiting for the first stroke of the cathedral bells. But the town was by no means asleep. In the dusk, in the shadows of the voiceless and depopulated streets you could feel a pent-up expectancy. At times a belated laborer, whom the holiday had all but overtaken at his hard and thankless task, would run by homewards; at times, too, a cabman's team would clatter along; and then again the dumb silence. From the street life had ebbed indoors, into rich mansions and into squalid huts, all aglow with lights and there it lay still. Over field and city, over all the earth the breeze that blew carried a nameless sound heralding the approaching Sabbath, holiday and rejuvenescence.

The moon had not risen and the city lay darkling on a broad height upon which stood out a building, large and gloomy. The peculiar, severe straight lines of the building were in shadowy outline against the starlit blue; a black gate barely stood out from the dark mass of the wall, and four turrets, high and tapering, one at each angle, were silhouetted against the sky.

On a sudden there broke from the high cathedral belfry upon the sensitive air of the brooding night the first ringing stroke of the bells, then the second and the third. Scarcely a moment passed before many bells in many places, with varying tones, rang out, mingled and sang strains that blended in a weird harmony and softly rocked

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and hovered in the ether. From the gloomy building also, could be heard a thin, cracked, jarring sound that seemed to tremble in faint hopelessness of rising to the ethereal heights of the mighty accord.

The ringing ceased. The sounds melted into the air, but the previous silence of the night came back to its own only by degrees; for a long time the plaintive, dying echo wandered through the night like the quivering of an invisible string attuned. In the houses the lights went out; the windows of the churches shone brightly. The earth in 187– was once again preparing to voice the old slogan that conquered the universe — Love and Brotherhood.

Within the black gate of the gloomy building the bolts rattled. Half a platoon of soldiers, with muskets clanking in the darkness, came forth to relieve the guard. They marched up to the corners, and at each post stopped for a moment. From the dark little clump of men a solitary figure would detach itself and walk off with measured step; the man relieved would, in turn, become absorbed by the murky little group. Then the half platoon moved on, circling round the high prison walls. The sentry who was to be posted on the western side was a young recruit, whose country breeding still hung about his clumsy movements. The young face betrayed the keen attention of the tyro about to hold his first responsible place. He stopped with his face toward the wall, and clanking his musket, advanced two steps, faced about, and stood shoulder to shoulder with the man he was relieving. Turning his head toward his relief, the sentry on post recited to the newcomer in a monotone the stand regulations: —

"From one corner to the other — to watch — not to sleep, or doze — " the soldier mouthed jerkily, while the

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recruit listened with attention, a strange look of anxiety in his gray eyes.

"Understand?" spoke up the corporal.

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, be careful," sharply; then in milder tones he added:—

"Fear nothing, Thadieff, you're not a woman to be afraid of the devil."

"Afraid of the devil?" returned the naïve Thadieff; then, musingly, "something in my heart — a creepy kind of feeling, bothers — "

At this simple, almost childish, confession, laughter was heard among the little troop of soldiers.

"Poor little country wife," remarked the corporal with a kind of pitying contempt. Then, in a more military voice, he commanded:—

"Carry — arms! March!" The guard, with even tread, disappeared around a corner and was soon out of earshot. The new sentry shouldered his musket and quietly paced the length of the wall. . . .

Inside the prison, as soon as the last stroke of the bell was heard, all was astir. It was a long time since the black and sorry night of the prison had seen so much bustle. It seemed, indeed, as though the holiday had brought with it a rumor of freedom. One after another the doors of the cells opened. Men in long, gray, draggle-tailed cloaks marched two by two in endless files along the corridors and into the prison church, agleam with lights. From the right and from the left they came, mounting the stairs from below, and descending from above. Through the noise of the tramping feet could be heard from time to time the rattle of a musket or the clang of

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fetters. Within the spacious church the gray throng poured into a compartment separated by a grating of bars and there became still. The windows of the church were also protected with strong iron bars. . . .

The prison itself was empty. Only in the four turrets at the angles, securely locked in, four lonely prisoners were pacing their round cells like things caged, and every now and then they would listen at their doors to scraps of song that reached them from the church.

In one of the common cells, moreover, upon a bench, lay an invalid. The warden, on hearing of this prisoner's sudden illness as the others were being marched into the chapel, entered his cell, bent over him, and looked into his eyes that burned with a strange lustre and gazed into the distance without expression.

"Ivanov!—Listen, Ivanov," the warden addressed him.

The prisoner did not turn his head; he muttered something incomprehensible; his voice was hoarse and the feverish lips moved with pain.

"Hospital to-morrow," ordered the warden curtly and went out, leaving a turnkey at the door of the cell. The turnkey glanced at the prostrate, feverish figure and shook his head.

"Eh, Mr. Tramp, but you've tramped your last this time, sure," he philosophized, and having decided that there was nothing to keep him there, he walked down the corridor to the chapel, and behind the closed door followed the service, kneeling softly at the appointed times.

The desolate, unguarded cell was filled from time to time with the mutterings of the invalid. He was not yet an old man, this invalid; he was large and well built.

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In his rambling talk he lived again his more immediate past, and his face was distorted with suffering.

Fate had played a queer prank upon this tramp. Over dangerous Taïga and mountainous wildernesses, braving a thousand perils, he had walked fully a thousand versts driven by a burning nostalgia, led on by one hope: "To see them — a month — a week — to live with the folks — then the road again for me." Only a hundred versts from his native village he fell into that prison. . . .

But on a sudden the wild mutterings ceased. The tramp opened his eyes and breathed more evenly. In his burning head thoughts of a more soothing kind began to stir.

The sough of the Taïga.

He recognizes that sound — musical, free. He had learned to know the voices of the forest, the speech of every tree. The lofty pine trees tinkle high above with their dense, dark foliage; the fir trees whisper together impressively; the bright larch waves with supple branch; and the aspen quakes and shivers with frightened leafage. The free birds twitter gayly and the garrulous brook goes bowling turbulently along through stony gullies and secret places of the Taïga. A flock of chattering magpies circles in the air — they always hover over those thickets where the tramp, hidden by the undergrowth, stealthily makes his way through the Taïga.

The invalid seemed actually to smell a breath of the Taïga wind. With a deep sigh he sat up; the eyes gazed into the distance, but suddenly something like consciousness gleamed in them. The tramp, an habitual fugitive, saw before him that unusual phenomenon — an open door.

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A mighty instinct quivered through his whole fever-shaken organism. The symptoms of delirium swiftly disappeared, or else rallied about the solitary image that penetrated the chaos of his mind like a ray of light — the open door.

In a minute he was standing up. It seemed as though all the fire of his inflamed brain swept into the eyes. They gazed ahead with an intentness set and terrible.

Some one coming out of the prison chapel opened the door for a moment. Waves of the melodious singing, softened by distance, struck upon the ears of the tramp and then were heard no more. A tremor of emotion passed over his pale face; his eyes grew dim and in his mind arose a picture long cherished by memory — a quiet night, the whispering of reverential, dark-boughed pines about the church of his native village; a crowd of fellow-villagers, fires burning along the river bank and this same singing — he must hurry along in order to hear all among his own people. . . .

All this time the turnkey behind the church door in the corridor of the prison kneels and prays with all his heart. . . .

The young recruit, with shouldered musket, is pacing the length of the wall. The smooth prairie, but lately denuded of the snow, stretches far into the distance before the sentry. A light wind rustling dryly through last year's grass over the steppes forces upon the mind of the soldier a tender, melancholy reflection.

He stopped in his march, stood his musket on the ground, put his hand on the muzzle, his head on his hands, and fell to musing. It was still not quite clear to him just why he was here with a gun on this solemn night before Easter,

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between prison wall and the empty prairie land. Indeed, he was still a good deal of a moujik, not comprehending much that a soldier ordinarily understands, and it was not for nothing he was nicknamed "Country." It was only a little while ago that he had been free, lord and master of his own field, of his own work. But now a nameless, indefinable dread dogged his very footsteps at every moment, and drove the angular peasant nature into the strict routine of the service.

But for the moment he was alone. The empty landscape spreading before him and the cry of the wind in the prairie grass brought upon him a strange drowsiness, and before his eyes floated pictures of home. He too sees a village; there also the wind blows; fires burn about the church and dark pines wave their green tops above it.

At times he starts, and then his gray eyes seem perplexed; what's this? The prairie, a gun, the wall. Reality comes back to him for a moment, but soon the melancholy whistle of the night wind again conjures up domestic scenes and again the soldier is dozing as he leans upon his gun. . . .

Not far from where stands the sentry a dark object rises on the crest of the well; it is a human head. . . . The tramp gazes over the broad steppe to the scarce-discernible outline of the distant forest. . . . His chest expands as he inhales eagerly the free, fresh breath of mother-night. Hanging by the hands, he softly and noiselessly drops from the wall.

The jubilant sound of bells again wakes the nocturnal stillness. The door of the prison chapel opens and the Easter procession moves solemnly through the courtyard. A wave of harmonious song breaks from the chapel.

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The sentry wakes with a start, straightens up, takes off his cap to cross himself and — with his hand uplifted in prayer he is suddenly frozen with horror. . . . The tramp, upon reaching the ground, made a dash into the dry grass of the steppe.

"Stand! Stand, my fine fellow," cried the terror-stricken sentry, raising his musket. All that he feared, all the nameless dread that had possessed him, returned at the sight of the fleeing figure in gray.

"Give the password!" flitted through the mind of the soldier, and taking aim at the fugitive, he cocked his eye with a piteous grimace and fired. . . .

Over the city the harmonious peals again hover and circle melodiously in the ether. The cracked bell of the prison church again quakes and struggles like a slain bird in its death agony! From behind the walls float the first rhythmic sounds of the solemn chant, "Christ is Risen."

But on a sudden all else is drowned by a musket shot outside the wall. . . .

A weak, helpless groan is followed by a plaintive sob, and then for the time all is still. . . .

But the far echo of the vacant steppes repeated with dismal murmuring the last reverberations of the gunshot. . . .

VLADIMIR KOROLENKO

Translated and abridged by HENRY JAMES FORMAN

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The Ballad of Judas Iscariot

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.

The breath of the world came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the world's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
That made a gentle moan —
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.

"I will bury them deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon;
And when the wolf and raven come,
The body will be gone!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
So grim, and gaunt, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,
And carried it away.

Half he walk'd, and half he seem'd
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place he came unto,
It was the open wold,

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And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto,
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in,
It floated light as wool.

The third place that he journeyed to
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

For days and nights he wander'd on,
All thro' the Wood of Woe,
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walk'd the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light.

And the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawl'd to the distant gleam;
And the mists came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.

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'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow.

The Bridegroom in His robe of white
Sat at the table-head.
"Oh, who is he that moans without?"
The blessed Bridegroom said.

And one look'd forth from the lighted hall,
And answer'd fierce and low,
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in His hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And He was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded His eyes and look'd,
And His face was bright to see —

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"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said He.

And the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood there black, and bare —
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."

But the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright —
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And He waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that He waved His hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touch'd the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made ever a sweet sound.

And the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckoned, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at His feet.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

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The Easter Vision

SIGHT he had, but not vision. The things about him stood out with the utmost distinctness; every line was sharply defined, every feature and shape distinctly lined. So accustomed was he to entire accuracy of perception, to perfect exactness of knowledge, that he was impatient of any blur in another's sight, any uncertainty in another's report or account of things. Confidence in his own judgment had become second nature with him; he acted as one who could make no mistakes. And this was the impression others received from him. All men spoke of his clearness of judgment; of the vigor and decision of his nature; of the weight and authority of his character. He was, in a word, the master of his world.

But it was significant that while men went to him for advice in all practical matters, no man ever sought his counsel in any moral confusion or uncertainty; no man struggling to his feet from the mire in which he had slipped ever turned to him for help; no man compassed about with sorrow and in the presence of the supreme experiences of life ever so much as thought of him. Exact, trustworthy, keen, truthful, the man of clear sight touched his fellows only in the world of things; when the fortunes of the soul were in the balance, he neither saw nor felt nor understood.

To him all these intangible interests were as if they were not. He managed his acres with perfect judgment, but he could not see the landscape which enveloped them; he saw the little section of the world in which he worked, but the universe was invisible to him. In his sight men were born, grew into childhood and youth, passed on into

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Breton.

BLESSING THE FIELDS.

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manhood, did their work, died and vanished from sight, and that was the end. He saw the outlines of their character with marvellous clearness; he knew where they were efficient and where they were weak; he judged with exactness of their value for practical service; but of their inner experience, of their spiritual struggles, of the forces and conflicts which give character its equality and life its meaning, he knew nothing. He was a master of the knowledge of things, but no ray of that wisdom which gives a man understanding of life ever penetrated the central darkness of his mind. He had sight, but he was without vision.

Now, all the wealth of this man's nature was lavished on one whom he loved not blindly but instinctively — with the passion of the heart which gropes after those things that it needs without knowing that it needs them. In this woman's eyes the man who loved her saw, without seeing, the reflection of that heaven which was beyond his sight; and in her nature he felt, without understanding, the play and stir of those spiritual impulses and forces which slowly fashion in a mortal frame an immortal spirit; and in her life he was aware of a wealth of tenderness, of devotion, of self-surrender, which he could neither measure nor compute. And she became as his own soul; for she was vision to him, and in her the mystery and blessedness of life was present though never revealed.

This woman died, and the man's heart broke within him, and the world of sight lay in ruins about him; for he saw nothing save the beautiful garment which the spirit had laid aside; and that, too, was put out of his sight. He was in a prison of hopeless misery; and many tried to speak to him, but he could not understand them for the

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thickness of the walls which surrounded him; and many strove to release him; but he could not be freed, for he had locked the great doors from within.

In the darkness the man no longer saw the old familiar things, and became as one blind — groping for the accustomed places of rest and finding them not, for the sweet ways and usages of love and missing them. His outstretched hands touched nothing, and his passionate longings returned upon themselves and turned to deepest pain; and in his solitude and desolation nothing abode with him save memory.

For a time he was as one dead, but one dear memory kept companionship with him; and in the silence and darkness one image was always in his thought. As the days went by, that image seemed to fill his soul, and grew more real, and touched the hidden springs of life within him, and his heart grew tender under the spell of the great love with which he lived alone in a night in which the earth seemed to have vanished.

As his love deepened, a glimmer of hope began to suffuse the night, like a faint radiance from a light beyond the horizon, and delicate tendrils began to climb out of his heart toward that light; and there came a breath of something surpassingly sweet, like a fragrance from invisible gardens.

And the spirit of the man softened and stirred, and he lifted his face, and the dim outlines of a new world slowly disclosed themselves. As he looked with wonder and awe and the yearning of a child stretching out his hands toward the light, this world became more distinct, and spread around him in a beauty such as he had never dreamed of before. There were familiar objects in that world, but

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they were no longer hard and rigid; the outlines were lost in vaster designs and were tender with new and deeper meanings; the familiar acres were folded in a vaster landscape, whose far horizons seemed to recede into luminous distances suffused with a light that streamed from the heart of things, and enveloped them in a splendor and beauty which broke out of them like a mighty flood of life.

The man went abroad once more with the heart of a child and looked up to the heavens that had grown infinitely tender and benignant, and across the landscape that glowed and bloomed about his feet; for love had unsealed his eyes, and the power of sight had passed on into vision. And as he walked he was not alone, for one walked beside him whose presence was peace and whose companionship brought faith and trust and rest. The perishing world which he had once seen had widened to become the imperishable world which love builded in the far beginning, and which love enriches and enlarges and makes more beautiful with the coming of every soul that enters into it through the gates of birth and of death, for both are the gates of life.

And as he looked, behold, the places where the dead lay were blossoming fields; for all the reach and being of the universe there was no death. Through all things streamed the mighty tides of life, and in the range of his vision the barren places broke into bloom, and far as his eager spirit travelled there were the stirrings and strivings of tender and delicate and mysterious things growing in strength and beauty. And there was no more night; for in the darkness, as in the light, infinite love watched and waited and cherished all things in its immortal hands; and nothing was forgotten or lost. And he saw the uni-

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verse traversed by a countless host to whom sight had become vision; full of the repose of a great freedom and the deep joys of perfect strength fitted to imperishable ends. And in that multitude he became aware of those who had laid aside all care and sorrow and entered into the fulness of life; and one moved near him — no longer a memory, but a visible presence — who had vanished in the darkness of his great sorrow; who had gone out of his sight to live henceforth stainless, radiant, and immortal in his vision; no longer hidden behind the veil which she had worn in the days before the revelation, but shining without blur or dimness or shadow upon the beauty of her unclouded spirit. And after all the years of his love he knew that for the first time he saw her as she was.

And the air was soft about him, and the fragrance of the early flowers was borne to him; and like a far music he heard the bells of Easter ringing above the churchyard.

HAMILTON W. MABIE in *The Life of the Spirit*
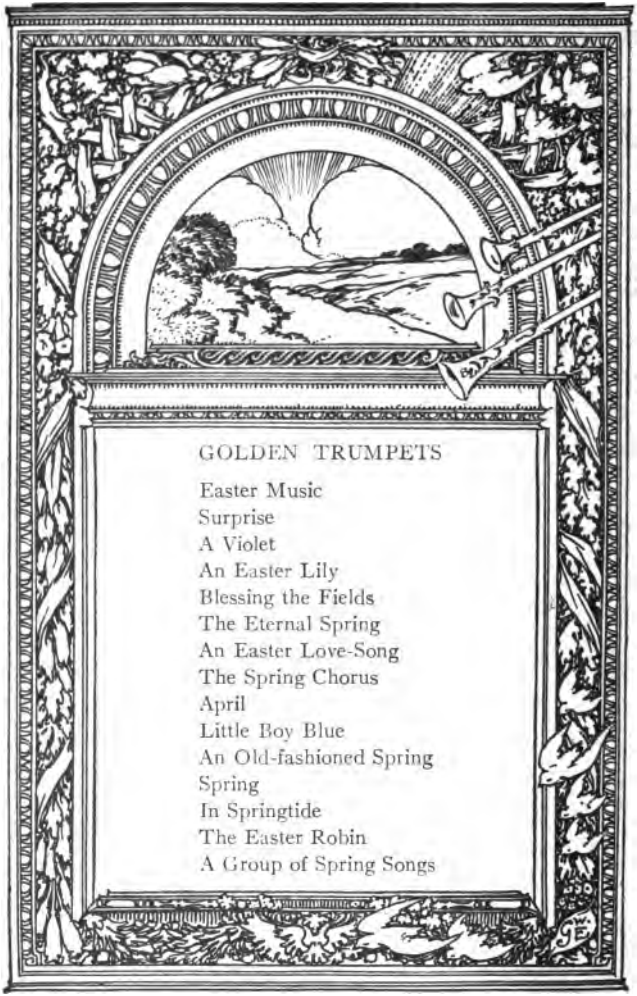
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V

GOLDEN TRUMPETS

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GOLDEN TRUMPETS

Easter Music
Surprise
A Violet
An Easter Lily
Blessing the Fields
The Eternal Spring
An Easter Love-Song
The Spring Chorus
April
Little Boy Blue
An Old-fashioned Spring
Spring
In Springtide
The Easter Robin
A Group of Spring Songs

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A GUSH of bird-song, a patter of dew,
A cloud and a rainbow's warning;
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue, —
An April day in the morning!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

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Easter Music

Jonquils

BLOW, golden trumpets, sweet and clear,
Blow soft upon the perfumed air;
Bid the sad earth to join your song,
"*To Christ does victory belong!*"

Oh, let the winds your message bear
To every heart of grief and care;
Sound through the world the joyful lay,
"*Our Christ has conquered Death to-day!*"

On cloudy wings let glad words fly
Through the soft blue of echoing sky;
Ring out, O trumpets, sweet and clear,
"*Through Death immortal Life is here!*"

Margaret Deland
in *The Old Garden*

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Surprise

O LITTLE bulb, uncouth,
Ragged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth?
Have you a rusty gown?
Plant me and see
What I shall be, —
God's fine surprise
Before your eyes!

O fuzzy ugliness,
Poor, helpless, crawling worm,
Can any loveliness
Be in that sluggish form?

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Hide me and see
What I shall be, —
God's bright surprise
Before your eyes!

A body wearing out,
A crumbling house of clay!
O agony of doubt
And darkness and dismay!
Trust God and see
What I shall be, —
His best surprise
Before your eyes!

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

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A Violet

GOD does not send us strange flowers every year;
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces —
The violet is here.

It all comes back, the odor, grace, and hue,
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
Nothing is lost, no looking for is cheated,
It is the thing we knew.

So after the death-winter it will be;
God will not put strange sights in heavenly places;
The old love will look out from the old faces, —
Veilchen, I shall have thee.

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY

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An Easter Lily

AFTER long months of slumber brown and sere,
It dreams that April's smile is bending near,
And stirs, and from its withered covering slips;
Lifts a few leaves in the benignant light,
Then flowers, a soaring ecstasy of white,
Like a pure soul breathed upward to God's lips.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Blessing the Fields

THE ROMAN AMBARVALIA

IT was the day of the "little" or private *Ambarvalia* celebrated by a single family for the welfare of all belonging to it, as the great college of the Arval Brothers officiated at Rome in the interest of the whole state. At the appointed time all work ceases; the instruments of labor lie untouched, hung with wreaths of flowers, while masters and servants together go in solemn procession along the dry paths of vineyard and corn-field, conducting the victims whose blood is presently to be shed for the purification from all natural or supernatural taint of the lands they have "gone about." The old Latin words of the liturgy, to be said as the procession moved along, though their precise meaning had long since become unintelligible, were recited from an ancient illuminated roll, kept in a painted chest in the hall, together with the family records. Early on that day the girls of the farm had been busy in the great portico filling large baskets with flowers plucked short from branches of apple and cherry, then in spacious bloom, to strew before the quaint images of the gods —

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Ceres and Bacchus and the yet more mysterious Dea Dia — as they passed through the fields, carried in their little houses on the shoulders of white-clad youths, who were understood to proceed to this office in perfect temperance, as pure in soul and body as the air they breathed in the firm weather of that early summer-time. The clean lustral water and the full incense-box were carried after them. The altars were gay with garlands of wool and the more sumptuous sort of blossom and green herbs to be thrown into the sacrificial fire, fresh gathered this morning from a particular plot in the old garden, set apart for the purpose. Just then the young leaves were almost as fragrant as flowers, and the scent of the bean-fields mingled pleasantly with the cloud of incense. But for the monotonous intonation of the liturgy by the priests, clad in their strange, stiff, antique vestments, and bearing ears of green corn upon their heads, secured by flowing bands of white, the procession moved in absolute stillness, all persons, even the children, abstaining from speech after utterance of the pontifical formula, *Favete linguis!* — Silence! Propitious Silence! lest any words save those proper to the occasion should hinder the religious efficacy of the rite. . . .

The names of that great populace of "little gods," dear to the Roman home, which the pontiffs had placed on the sacred list of the *Indigitamenta*, to be invoked, because they can help, on special occasions, were not forgotten in the long litany — Vatican who causes the infant to utter his first cry, Fabulinus who prompts his first word, Cuba who keeps him quiet in his cot, Domiduca, especially, for whom Marius had through life a particular memory and devotion, the goddess who watches over one's safe

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coming home. The urns of the dead in the family chapel received their due service. They also were now become something divine, a goodly company of friendly and protecting spirits, encamped about the place of their former abode — above all others, the father dead ten years before, of whom, remembering but a tall grave figure above him in childhood, Marius habitually thought as a *genius* a little cold and severe.

> Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
> Sub pedibusque videt nubes et siderea. —

Perhaps! — but certainly needs his altar here below, and garlands to-day upon his urn. But the dead *genii* were satisfied with little — a few violets, a cake dipped in wine, or a morsel of honeycomb. Daily, from the time when his childish footsteps were still uncertain, had Marius taken them their portion of the family meal, at the second course, amidst the silence of the company. They loved those who brought them their sustenance; but, deprived of these services, would be heard wandering through the house, crying sorrowfully in the stillness of the night.

And those simple gifts, like other objects as trivial — bread, oil, wine, milk — had regained for him, by their use in such religious service, that poetic, and as it were moral significance, which surely belongs to all the means of daily life, could we but break through the veil of our familiarity with things by no means vulgar in themselves. A hymn followed, while the whole assembly stood with veiled faces. The fire rose up readily from the altars, in a clean, bright flame — a favorable omen, making it a duty to render the mirth of the evening complete. Old

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wine was poured out freely for the servants at supper in the great kitchen, where they had worked in the imperfect lights through the long evenings of winter. The young Marius himself took but a very sober part in the noisy feasting. A devout, regretful after-taste of what had been really beautiful in the ritual he had accomplished took him early away, that he might the better recall in revery all the circumstances of the celebration of the day. As he sank into a sleep, pleasant with all the influences of long hours in the open air, he seemed still to be moving in procession through the fields, with a kind of pleasurable awe. That feeling was still upon him as he awoke amid the beating of violent rain on the shutters, in the first storm of the season. The thunder which startled him from sleep seemed to make the solitude of his chamber almost painfully complete, as if the nearness of those angry clouds shut him up in a close place alone in the world. Then he thought of the sort of protection which that day's ceremonies assured. To procure an agreement with the gods — *Pacem decorum exposcere:* that was the meaning of what they had all day been busy upon. In a faith, sincere but half-suspicious, he would fain have those Powers at least not against him. His own nearer household gods were all around his bed. The spell of his religion as a part of the very essence of home, its intimacy, its dignity and security, was forcible at that moment; only it seemed to involve certain heavy demands upon him.

WALTER PATER
in *Marius the Epicurean*

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The Feast of Rogations in France

"The Fête-Dieu conforms to the splendors of courts, the Rogations to the simplicity of villages." — CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE Feast of Rogations is the name given by the Roman Catholic Church to public processions and prayers which take place during the three days preceding the Feast of the Ascension, in order to obtain the blessing of God on all the produce of the earth, grains, fruits, etc., that they may be protected from the disastrous blights of frost, hail, flood, fires or pillage. The word Rogation is derived from the Latin *rogare* — to pray or ask.

The Catholic Rogations offer so much analogy to the *ambarvalia* of the ancient Romans, that among religious critics several have seen, in the institution of this feast, but a simple concession to popular tastes and traditions. The masses seemed to regret the time when, in honor of Ceres, they followed their priests in long processions through the fields, and the necessity to restore this feast under another name was recognized. The first promoter of the Feast of Rogations in France appears to have been Saint Mamert, Bishop of Vienne, Dauphiny, in 474. The feast was soon adopted by several neighboring churches, and in 511 a Council of Orleans ordained that the Feast of Rogations should be generally observed throughout France. It is scarcely celebrated anywhere in France at the present day, but up to the early eighties of last century celebrations were still conducted with great fervor in lower Normandy, Brittany, and certain provinces of middle France. During the three days preceding Ascension, before sunrise, the clergy of each parish, followed by a great number of the assembled faithful, would

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leave their respective churches, and walk in procession, across country, to another church, often at a considerable distance. Psalms and litanies interspersed with priestly benedictions were chanted on the way, and a hymn was sung in unison at the central meeting point of the two congregations. The most worldly of early morning travellers, who heard from all sides these human voices crossing from one point to another on a vast field or plain, singing the same hymn with the same religious sentiment, could not fail to be impressed and forced to feel that there was something mystically great in such concerted action by a multitude of people united in a similar religious ceremony. After a short service in the neighboring church, and before the return homeward, a picnic-breakfast from provisions brought for the purpose was partaken of, with cider or other liquid refreshment obtained in the visited village, the greatest enthusiasm, friendliness, and happiness prevailing on all sides.

Neither the Greek nor other Eastern Christians ever celebrated the Feast of the Rogations. In England a council held at Cleveshoo in 747 proscribed the celebration of Rogations *secundum morem priorum nostrorum*. But vestiges of the celebration remain in certain country places, where it is customary for the authorities during one of the three days preceding Ascension to make the rounds, or "beat the boundaries" of the parish. This, however, is nothing but a municipal parade, which no longer has any religious character.

Transcribed from French sources with personal recollections by C. L.-S.

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Blessing the Fields in Italy

IN a way the church is responsible for the preservation of many relics of the ancient world, for the Roman priesthood has always appropriated from the past all that it could; and in this they thought to show much wisdom, thus to wean the people gradually from their paganism; but it is extremely doubtful whether they have ever wholly succeeded. The modern Italian mother still carries her sick child to the little circular church at the foot of the Palatine, just as the Roman mothers in this very temple used to invoke the great Twin Brethren. It is now San Toto, to whom they pray, as St. Theodore is familiarly called, and the priest comes with "bell and book and candle" to chase away the evil. They may neglect to give the child medical aid, but the visit to San Toto is never missed. Early on Thursday or on Sunday morning the curious may see the ceremony, and witness the faith of the people. At all other times the little temple is closed, which sets the imagination working, and surrounds the place with a mysterious charm.

Again, the priest is sought for an exorciser of spirits by every householder at Easter time. Holy Week is dedicated to the blessing of the houses within the town, and after Easter comes the turn for the farms and country houses. It is a ceremony as old as old Rome itself. Our priest here is kept very busy those days, and often has a long walk to the boundaries of his parish. From our eyrie we see him start off along the dusty road, carrying his yellow stole and white cotta on his arm, while the two small acolytes run beside him, swinging the silver holy-water stoup and asperges in their race.

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The peasants receive him with a great show of joy, and take him into all the rooms which they wish to be blessed. There has been a great commotion and cleaning up, "because the priest is coming" — indeed, it is their spring cleaning. As the priest comes downstairs and stands upon the threshing-floor, the *massaia* brings him an offering of eggs, and if she can afford it, drops a few copper coins into the holy-water stoup. At the end of the day he has so many eggs that he has to send them to the market. The *Prevosto* is always very pleased to come and chase away the devils out of the Fortezzo; the people jeer a little as he puts on his best cotta and stole, but our own opinion is that it is as much the variety in his daily round as the extra donation which appeals to him. Our small offering, being of paper, cannot be dropped into the holy water, and while I am placing it in the envelope the good father looks the other way; then as we shake hands we pretend that an envelope is all part of hand-shaking, but really we each know that the other knows.

He is a simple person with a round, good-natured face, a portly figure, and clean hands. While he blesses our blossoming roof-top, he stops to look at everything, and remarks how the roses have grown since last year.

"Now, let us go and bless the young cypresses," he says, "and on the way we must not forget the cistern nor the window-boxes and the seeds."

"Then there is the new potato patch," interrupts Ferruccio.

"*Già, già*," he answers, "you are right. And, Signora, you *are* going to photograph us again this year, *non è vero?*"

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The conversation is kept up as a running accompaniment of the showering of holy water and the murmuring of prayers. Then he catches his cotta in a rose —

"*Perbacco,*" cries the *Prevosto*, as he looks at the tear in the lace.

On the Rogation days the priest is called upon to protect the fields and the vineyards and the olive groves, and, with the blessing of the Roman Church, to foster the spirit of vegetation. Mr. Warde Fowler says that the priest of to-day does much what the *Fratres Arvales* did in the infancy of Rome when they led the procession of victims through the fields, driven by the garlanded crowd, carrying olive branches and chanting.

Fortunate is he who witnesses the scene at Assisi on a clear and sunny morning, when everything seems young except the piazza of San Rufino — that bore a look of age and pain when it was built. After the procession through the narrow streets and into the open country, all return with song and prayer to this little brown piazza of the cathedral, where the blessing with the sacrament is given to the kneeling crowd. Then the arch-priest, in yellow cope beneath a baldachin of old gold, carrying on high the pyx, and the canons in purple capes trimmed with fur, and the members of confraternities with crimson and yellow tippets, all file into the cathedral beneath the doorway of sculptured griffins, gargoyles, and strange birds and beasts, and their voices grow faint to those in the piazza.

LINA DUFF GORDON
in *Home Life in Italy*

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The Eternal Spring

THE birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Lead on the eternal Spring.

JOHN MILTON

An Easter Love-Song

(He sings)

DEAREST, it is the Easter-time,
The love-time of the year,
And every little bird in rhyme
Is telling far and near
His passion to his listening mate . . .
Shall I alone, then, fear?

Nay . . . when the salmon-berry shows
Its crimson, veiny bells,
And when the shad-bush whitely blows
In lonely forest dells,
May I not tell my love in rhyme,
As his the robin tells?

When up the full veins of the pine
The saps push lustily,
And blossoms star the twinflower vine
Around each mossy tree,
And wandering silver sea-birds mate
In hollows of the sea;

When the last fluffy snowbird goes
The way that winter went,

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And the thorn is scarlet on the rose,
And the willow's silver spent,
And here and there and everywhere
Is blown the violet's scent,

Then happy may I courage take,
By love and hope made strong,
And pray thee, dearest, to awake,
When the night is sweet and long,
And whitely from thy casement lean,
To hear my trembling song.

ELLA HIGGINSON
from *The Voice of April Land*

The Spring Chorus

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, and the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

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Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as sons of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

A. C. SWINBURNE
in *Atalanta in Calydon*

April

OH! to be in England now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows;

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Golden Trumpets

Hark! where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And, though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when moontide wakes anew.
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING

Little Boy Blue

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
Summon the day of deliverance in;
We are weary of bearing the burden of scorn,
As we yearn for the home that we never shall win;
For here there is weeping and sorrow and sin,
And the poor and the weak are a spoil for the strong!
Ah! when shall the song of the ransomed begin?
The world is grown weary with waiting so long.

Little Boy Blue, you are gallant and brave,
There was never a doubt in those clear bright eyes:
Come, challenge the grim dark Gates of the Grave
As the skylark sings to those infinite skies!
This world is a dream, say the old and the wise,
And its rainbows arise o'er the false and the true
But the mists of the morning are made of our sighs, —
Ah, shatter them, scatter them, Little Boy Blue!

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Little Boy Blue, if the child-heart knows,
Sound but a note as a little one may;
And the thorns of the desert shall bloom with the rose,
And the Healer shall wipe all tears away;
Little Boy Blue, we are all astray,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cows in the corn.
Ah, set the world right, as a little one may;
Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn!

ALFRED NOYES
in *The Flower of Old Japan*

An Old-fashioned Spring

I HEAR a good deal about an old-fashioned winter, but not often of an old-fashioned spring; yet the latter was more unique than the former. It began in the January thaw, when we not unfrequently had a warm spell of three weeks during which the plough was put into the uplands — these were openings in the solid forest, and on three sides the beech trees stood unbroken. The few acres of cleared land made a sunny sward that dried very easily, but it was pretty well filled with stumps, and occasionally a charred shaft standing twenty or thirty feet high. While the plough was at work, we boys were kindling fires in the stumps, which we gradually reduced to fertilizing ashes. Harmless snakes would run out, thrusting their tongues at us. So it was that plot after plot of virgin forest became meadow or corn land; and there was a deal of sweetness in this simple pioneer preparation for crowding civilization. We came for the most part from Connecticut, and we had Connecticut ways and notions to the brim; but we were full of poetry, too. Our work was always

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with two things, worship and play. My father's custom was to quit his work an hour before sunset, that he might spend the time with us studying the little things of nature, over the knolls and among the trees.

Hardly was the January thaw well over when it was time to bring out the spiles and tap the maple trees. We did not have far to go, for the forests came close down to our homes and hugged us under their shelter. The spiles were made of elder, with the pith pushed out, and one end sharpened to drive into the tree. The holes were bored with a half-inch auger, two of them about six inches apart and three feet from the ground. Under the ends of the spiles were placed all sorts of pans and kettles until there were hardly enough pans in the house to hold the milk. Three times every day these were emptied into pails and carried to the big iron kettles that hung over the fire down in the hollow. There was not a match in our world in 1830; we had to light our fires with coals from the kitchen stove carried between two pieces of curled bark. Often we had to run hard to keep the coals from going out before we could get them to the woods. Occasionally we boys would stop to blow them, and sometimes we had a stumble that sent us back on our errand. Ah! but that was fun, when we handed the coals to father, and he, with nice woodcraft, placed them among the splinters of dry hemlock or bits of sumac wood and blew till they crackled among the twigs. Soon the fire was burning and eating up great sticks of maple and logs of beech that were skilfully piled under and around the two kettles.

The first kettle took the fresh sap as it was brought in the pails. This was constantly skimmed of bits of wood and leaves, until it was fairly clean. The second kettle

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took the thickening syrup; and this must be carefully watched lest it boil over. As soon as thick enough, the syrup was carried to the house to be cleansed, and still further boiled until it was brought to the sugar grain. At all stages, I assure you that boiling maple syrup has a delight peculiar to itself, for it must constantly be sampled — and that is what boys were made for.

Overhead the woodpeckers tapped as busily as folk below; and the yellow-bellied sort did it for the same purpose — he liked sweet sap. . . .

The robins were looked for about the fifth of March, and the bluebirds a few days earlier. I still wonder that the robin was then so great a favorite, because no other bird did so much to prevent us from getting a crop of cherries and berries. I think it was because he was the harbinger of warmer weather.

But to me the flight of the bees and butterflies was even more welcome than that of the birds. My father kept one hundred hives of bees, a few of them in the old cone-shaped straw hives. When it was warm enough for a quick run of sap, the bees would take a flight for health as well as food, and not a few would be tempted to fly over the snowbanks and never get back. They came to the maple grove where they sucked chips and buzzed their happiness.

About the first of April was the time for bonne-fires. All around the horizon they spoke out to each other just as the daylight deepened into dusk. Old and young shouted and worked together from seven until nine, and the waste, which had been raked from lawns and gardens, was flung upon the burning piles. The whole air was instinct with life. Even the smoke itself was humorous, for it chased us about, no matter which way the wind blew.

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Golden Trumpets

It is not easy in spring to get rid of the notion that everything is happy — that the air and the brown earth and the leafing trees and the grass, and the bonne-fires themselves are rejoicing together because spring has come. Spring is life — new life — and it throbs through all Nature.

E. P. POWELL

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Spring

NOW fades the last long streak of snow,
Now bourgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the sea-mew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON

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In Springtide

THIS is the hour, the day,
The time, the season sweet.
Quick! listen, laggard feet,
Brook not delay:
Love flies, youth pauses, Maytide will not last;
Forth, forth while yet 'tis time, before the spring is past.

The summer's glories shine
From all her garden ground,
With lilies prankt around,
And roses fine;
But the pink blooms or white upon the bursting trees,
Primrose and violet sweet, what charm has June like these?

This is the time of song.
From many a joyous throat,
Mute all the dull year long,
Soars love's clear note:
Summer is dumb, and faint with dust and heat;
This is the mirthful time when every sound is sweet.

Fair day of larger light,
Life's own appointed hour,
Young souls bud forth in white —
The world's a-flower.
Thrill, youthful heart; soar upward, limpid voice:
Blossoming time is come — rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

LEWIS MORRIS

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Du Cane.

VIEWING THE PLUM BLOSSOMS, JAPAN.

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The Easter Robin

A SWEET legend of the Greek Church tells us that "Our Lord used to feed the robins round his mother's door, when a boy; moreover, that the robin never left the sepulchre till the Resurrection, and, at the Ascension, joined in the angels' song."

Another popular story, however, relates that when Christ was on His way to Calvary toiling beneath the burden of the cross, the robin, in its kindness, plucked a thorn from the crown that oppressed His brow, and the blood of the divine martyr dyed the breast of the bird, which ever since has borne the insignia of its charity. A variant of the same legend makes the thorn wound the bird itself and its own blood dye its breast.

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN

A Song of Waking

THE maple buds are red, are red,
The robin's call is sweet;
The blue sky floats above thy head,
The violets kiss thy feet.
The sun paints emeralds on the spray,
And sapphires on the lake;
A million wings unfold to-day,
A million flowers awake.

Their starry cups the cowslips lift
To catch the golden light,
And like a spirit fresh from shrift
The cherry tree is white.

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The Book of Easter

The innocent looks up with eyes
That know no deeper shade
Than falls from wings of butterflies
Too fair to make afraid.

With long green raiment blown and wet,
The willows hand in hand
Lean low to teach the rivulet
What trees may understand
Of murmurous tune and idle dance,
With broken rhymes whose flow
A poet's ear can catch, perchance,
A score of miles below.

Across the sky to fairy realm
There sails a cloud-born ship;
A wind sprite standeth at the helm,
With laughter on his lips;
The melting masts are tipped with gold,
The 'broidered pennons stream;
The vessel beareth in her hold
The lading of a dream.

It is the hour to rend thy chains,
The blossom time of souls;
Yield all the rest to cares and pains,
To-day delight controls.
Gird on thy glory and thy pride,
For growth is of the sun;
Expand thy wings what'er betide,
The summer is begun.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

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What will the Violets be?

WHAT will the violets be
There in the Spring of springs?
What will the bird-song be
Where the very tree-bough sings?
What will their Easter be
Where never are dead to mourn,
But brightly the faces ask,
"O, when will the rest be born?"

Brighter the Easter shines
On the faces here below,
That they are behind the flowers,
The heart of the living glow.
Beautiful secret, wait!
A morrow or two, and we
Shall know in the Spring of springs
What the violets will be.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT
in *The Thought of God*

By permission of the Author

Green Things Growing

OH, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint, sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;

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In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so, — my green things growing!
And I think that they love me, without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK

"Is Life Worth Living?"

IS life worth living? Yes, so long
As spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song
To show that she is here;
So long as May of April takes,
In smiles and tears, farewell,
And wind-flowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell;
While children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With lady-smock and violet
And daisy-chain their caps;
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud shadows float and fleet,
And ouzel pipes and laverock trills,
And young lambs buck and bleat;
So long as that which bursts the bud
And swells and tunes the rill,
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

ALFRED AUSTIN

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The Spring Call

DOWN Wessex way, when spring's a-shine,
The blackbird's "pret-ty de-urr!"
In Wessex accents marked as mine
Is heard afar and near.

He flutes it strong, as if in song;
No R's of feebler tone
Than his appear in "pretty dear,"
Have blackbirds ever known.

Yet they pipe "prattie deerh!" I glean,
Beneath a Scottish sky,
And "pehty de-aw!" amid the treen
Of Middlesex or nigh.

While some folk say — perhaps in play —
Who know the Irish isle,
'Tis "purrity dare!" in treeland there
When songsters would beguile.

Well: I'll say what the listening birds
Say, hearing "pret-ty de-urr!"
However strangers sound such words,
That's how we sound them here.

Yes, in this clime at pairing time,
As soon as eyes can see her
At dawn of day, the proper way
To call is "pret-ty de-urr!"

THOMAS HARDY

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Robin's Come

FROM the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the robin's early song!
Telling one and all that now
Merry springtime hastes along;
Welcome tidings dost thou bring,
Little harbinger of spring;
Robin's come!

Of the winter we are weary,
Weary of the frost and snow,
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
Gladly, then, we hear thee sing
The reveille of the spring,
Robin's come!

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers!
Wake the cowslips by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil!
Robin's come!

Then, as thou wert wont of yore,
Build thy nest and rear thy young
Close beside our cottage door,
In the woodbine leaves among;
Hurt or harm thou need'st not fear,
Nothing rude shall venture near.
Robin's come!

WILLIAM W. CALDWELL

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An Apple Orchard in the Spring

HAVE you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis sings its story,
In the spring.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight —
In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring,
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

WILLIAM MARTIN

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Song from "Pippa Passes"

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn:
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world!

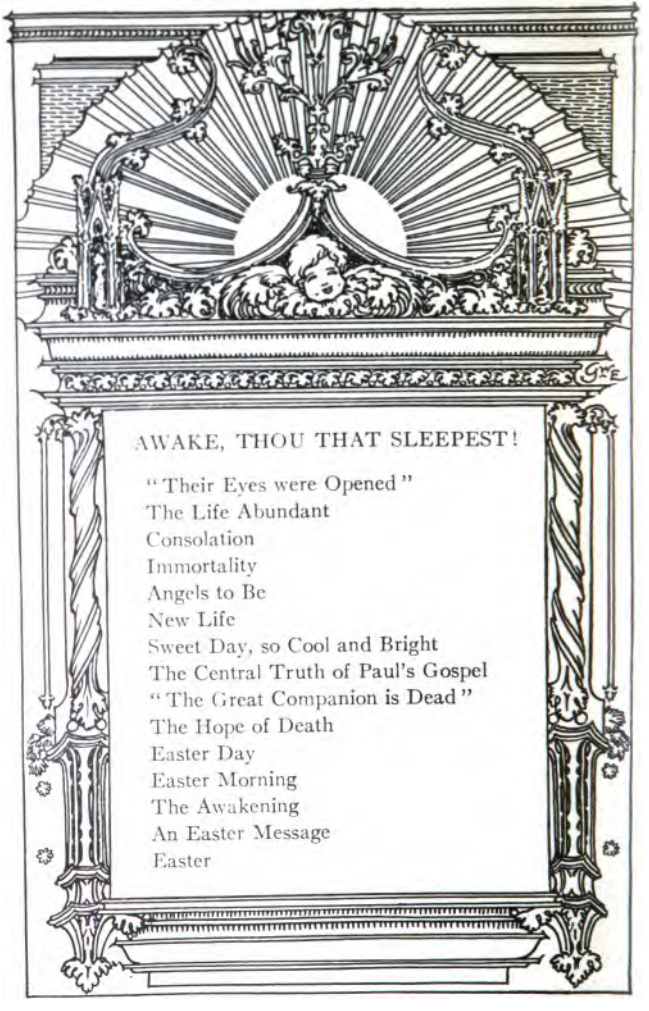
ROBERT BROWNING

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VI

AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST!

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AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST!

"Their Eyes were Opened"
The Life Abundant
Consolation
Immortality
Angels to Be
New Life
Sweet Day, so Cool and Bright
The Central Truth of Paul's Gospel
"The Great Companion is Dead"
The Hope of Death
Easter Day
Easter Morning
The Awakening
An Easter Message
Easter

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AWAKE, thou that sleepest! and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.

For now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that sleep.

Wherefore, reckon ye yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ.

For now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that sleep.

An Easter Anthem

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"Their Eyes were Opened"

AND behold, two of the disciples were going that very day to a village named Emmaus, which was threescore furlongs from Jerusalem. And they communed with each other of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, while they communed and questioned together, that Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. And he said unto them, "What communications are these that ye have one with another, as ye walk?" And they stood still, looking sad. And one of them, named Cleopas, answering said unto him, "Dost thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem and not know the things which are come to pass there in these days?" And he said unto them, "What things?" And they said unto him, "The things concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people: and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him up to be condemned to death, and crucified him. But we hoped that it was he which should redeem Israel. Yea and beside all this, it is now the third day since these things came to pass. Moreover certain women of our company amazed us, having been early at the tomb; and when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. And certain of them that were with us went to the tomb, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not." And he said unto them, "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken! Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these

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things, and to enter into his glory?" And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, he interpreted to them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they were going: and he made as though he would go further. And they constrained him, saying, "Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent." And he went in to abide with them. And it came to pass, when he sat down with them to meat, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him: and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, "Was not our heart burning within us, while he spake to us in the way, while he opened to us the scriptures?" And they rose up that very hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying, "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." And they rehearsed the things that happened in the way, and how he was known of them in the breaking of the bread.

And as they spake these things, he himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, "Peace be unto you." But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they beheld a spirit. And he said unto them, "Why are ye troubled? and wherefore do reasonings arise in your heart? See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for the spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye behold me having." And when he had said this, he shewed them his hands and his feet. And while they still disbelieved for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, "Have ye here anything

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to eat?" And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish. And he took it, and did eat before them.

And he said unto them, "These are my words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, how that all things must needs be fulfilled, which are written in the law of Moses, and the prophets, and the psalms, concerning me." Then opened he their mind, that they might understand the scriptures; and he said unto them: "Thus it is written, that the Christ should suffer, and rise again from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name unto all the nations, beginning from Jerusalem. Ye are witnesses of these things. And behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city, until ye be clothed with power from on high."

And he led them out until they were over against Bethany; and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he parted from them, and was carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy: and were continually in the temple, blessing God.

From the *Gospel of St. Luke*

The Life Abundant

BUT, indeed, what Christ brought into the world was not so much new truth as fresh life — not so much ethical principles and precepts unknown before, as an enlarged capacity of moral obedience and growth. It is this which raises Christ above the level of the teacher, and gives Him His claim to be called, however you may define the word, the Saviour of the world. . . . One

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of those deep sayings which seem to me to show that the author of the Fourth Gospel had access to a genuine fund of Christian traditions, which but for him would have perished, is "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." And this I accept as an authoritative description of Christ's mission. But if it is so accepted, I must go on to point out that the possession of life must be taken as the proof of contact and communion with Christ; that the qualifications for standing in the line of Christian affiliation are not intellectual, but moral and spiritual; and that it ought to be impossible to deny the name of Christian to any who acknowledge Christ as their Master, and can show any genuine likeness to Him. This test might unchurch some loudly professing believers; it would admit many heretics to the fold; but it would at last gather in from diverse communions the pure, the self-forgetting, and the brave, and would make Christianity as wide a thing as Christendom.

The Hibbert Lectures, 1883

Consolation

WHEN some beloved voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new —
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sign,
Not reason's subtle count; not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that famous blew;
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees

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Awake, Thou That Sleepest!

To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet all hails,
Melt in the smile of God: nay, none of these.
Speak THOU, availing Christ! — and fill this pause.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Immortality

FOIL'D by our fellow-men, depress'd, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, Patience! in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne.

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor routed leavings? or will they,
Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervors of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing — only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Angels to Be

HOW sweet it were if, without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful, beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers

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News of dear friends, and children, who have never
Been dead indeed, — as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths, — angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air, —
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT

New Life

EVERY day is a new beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you —
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;

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Awake, Thou That Sleepest!

God, in His mercy receive, forgive them;
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth, all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs, springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Sweet Day, so Cool and Bright

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is even in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

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Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like a season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.
GEORGE HERBERT, 1593

The Central Truth of Paul's Gospel

THE great distinction between the writings of Paul and the other New Testament scriptures, is that, to Paul, the Gospel was a system of religious thought, based upon a religious experience, a definite Christian philosophy, as well as a way of Christian living. There is a unity characteristic of system, an interrelation of parts due to the working of a logical mind. Paul is essentially a preacher, but he is a preacher with a very definite theology at his back. He is a teacher with the richest spiritual experience, but the material has not been merely collected, it has been scientifically arranged. The revelation he has received is from the Lord, but it has passed through his mind, bears the impress of his own thought, has been constructed into the system. Paul was a theologian, it is true, but he was a theologian as the result of being a Christian, not a Christian as the result of being a theologian. . . .

The foundation of Paul's Gospel upon which he reared, first for himself, and then for the Church, his system of theology, is the resurrection of Jesus, of which he became assured on the road to Damascus. As he insists in his letter to the Corinthians, — If Christ has not been raised, then his whole faith is vain, he is still where he was in his old Jewish days, under the condemnation of the Law, and as the subject of a terrible delusion, he is most to be

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pitied. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that it was a fact and not a theory, experience and not argument, which revolutionized his thought. He had been impressed by the argument of Stephen, his logical mind had acknowledged the steps by which Stephen was drawing him to the inevitable conclusion that Jesus was the Messiah, but it was a fact, terrible and impossible to avoid, namely, the cross of Jesus, which barred his further progress. It needed therefore another and equally certain fact, the resurrection of the crucified Jesus, to remove out of his way the great stumbling-block. The appearance on the Damascus road supplied him with that fact. He either did see Jesus, or he firmly believed that he had seen him. It was either fact or fancy. Now if it were a fact, it would satisfactorily explain and account for the change which passed over him, because it provided him with the very same basis for his faith which the other apostles had, and would set the death of Jesus, his great stumbling-block, in an entirely different light. He would at least be able to contemplate that event from a different standpoint, and it would no longer present the impossible conclusion from which his mind had revolted. But to be capable of producing this effect, it must be as real and actual a fact as the crucifixion. He must be as much convinced of the reality of the one as of the other. If we examine his theology we find it was wholly based on the conviction that the Jesus who had been crucified had also been raised from the dead, and he asserts with the strongest possible emphasis, that if Christ has not been raised Judaism has not been superseded.

We have to ask ourselves whether such a character as that of Saul, with such a conception of the supreme im-

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portance of the resurrection, would have parted with the Judaism in which he had been brought up, and which was built into the very texture of his being, unless he had satisfied himself that the resurrection of Christ was indubitable fact and not mere fancy. No one has ever appreciated the significance of that event more than Paul. To no one could its reality have been of more vital importance. The opposition to what in these days we call the scientific spirit, which a belief in the resurrection of Jesus is supposed to present, is more than matched by the opposition which the death and resurrection of Jesus presented to the mind of the Pharisee Saul. The event was one which he had exceptional opportunities of examining, and his prejudices against the whole conception would more than atone for any lack of that scientific training for the examination of such an event which would satisfy modern demands. He was undoubtedly fully acquainted with all the Jewish authorities could advance against the assertion of the disciples, and he had no doubt fully accepted their version of what had taken place. It is of course always open for any one to assert that the wish to believe is productive of the belief. The point, however, is that we have not the slightest ground for supposing that Paul had any such wish, but on the contrary we know he had the strongest reasons for the opposite.

The resurrection of Jesus is not only Paul's starting-point, its reality is the foundation of his Christian experience of the exalted Christ. He not only saw Him on the road to Damascus, he was conscious of the permanent influence of Christ upon his life. He had fellowship with Christ.

BERNARD LUCAS in *The Fifth Gospel*

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Awake, Thou That Sleepest!

"The Great Companion is Dead"

YOU are familiar with the pathetic confession of Professor Clifford, whose life was so brilliant yet so tragic — "The heavens are now empty, the earth soulless, and the Great Companion dead." Overmastered by the spirit he had invoked, carried away by deeply subtle difficulties of which simpler ages and simpler lives are ignorant, all that he knew and felt was that for him the world had lost its wonder and bloom, life its freshness and charm; that he was spiritually desolate, alone in the universe, unloved and uncared for save by his kind — for "the Great Companion is dead." Yet to doubt God is not to lose God: the Heavenly Father was near, we may be sure, to that troubled soul in its gloom as He was to the Cross when the cry came out of its darkness, "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But one often thinks that if some clear and undeniable voice could call across the world, "The Great Companion is dead," there are many people here and everywhere, within as well as without the churches, in whose lives such a tremendous announcement would not and could not make much practical difference, so little, alas! so little, is God to them.

To forget God is the temptation which besets every one of us. He with whom we have to do is always near us, yet it is only now and then that we remember Him, have any real impression of His being and glory, any vital and vivid apprehension of His Presence, of what He is to us and of what we owe to Him. A conviction which ought to equal in force that which we possess of our own existence is often dim and faint, ready to fade away and perish. As a consequence we do not see our actions in relation to God and

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fail to discern the rightness or the wrongness which they derive from that relation. Not till this conviction is restored to us in its freshness and strength, not till we live remembering God, will our life be what it ought to be.

JOHN HUNTER
in *De Profundis Clamavi*

The Hope of Death

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days —
My days, which are at the best but dull and gory,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy Hope, and high Humility!
High as the heavens above.
These are your walks, and ye have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

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Veronese.

THE SAVIOUR IN GLORY.

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Awake, Thou That Sleepest!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when men doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep!

HENRY VAUGHAN

Easter Day

I LIVE, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare; happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,
Tame in earth's paddock as her prize.
Thank God, she still each method tries
To catch me, who may yet escape,
She knows, — the fiend in angel's shape!

Thank God, no paradise stands barred
To entry, and I find it hard
To be a Christian, as I said!
Still every now and then my head
Raised glad, sinks mournful — all grows drear
Spite of the sunshine, while I fear
And think, "How dreadful to be grudged
No ease henceforth, as one that's judged.

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Condemned to earth forever, shut
From Heaven!"
But Easter Day breaks! But
Christ rises! Mercy every way
Is infinite, — and who can say?

ROBERT BROWNING

Easter Morning

MOST glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin,
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom Thou didest die,
Being with Thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
May live forever in felicity:
And that Thy love we weighing worthily
May likewise love Thee for the same again:
And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

EDMUND SPENSER

The Awakening

I WILL take heart again; the spring
Comes over Sehome hill,
And like tall, splintered spears of gold
The firs stand, soft and still;
Happily in its moist, brown throat
Chatters a loosened rill,

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Awake, Thou That Sleepest!

Below, across the violet sea,
With glistening, restless wings,
The sea-birds cleave the purple air
In white and endless rings;
Somewhere, within an open space,
One of God's own larks sings.

The warm breath of the waking earth
Curls up from myriad lips,
And who has loved and lost now drinks
In deep and trembling lips,
With memory's passionate pulse astir
From heart to finger-tips.

The ferns lift delicate veiny palms
In dimples of the hills,
The spendthrift hyacinth's perfume
Along the pure air spills;
There is a breathing, faint and far,
From the dark throats of the mills.

The spider flings a glittering thread
From dewy blade to blade,
A robin drops on bended wing,
Near me, yet unafraid;
The early frosts have taken rout
Before the red sun's raid.

Behold, the earth is glad again,
And she has taken heart,
And in her swelling, fruitful breast,
God's own love-flowers start.
(Lord, may I not take courage, too?
I and my old self part?)

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Yea, when the birds grow dumb again
With pure delights that thrill
Their rapt and innocent souls, till they
Have not desire or will
For song, or sun, or any thing
But passion deep and still,

I will go into the dim wood
And lie prone on the sod,
My breast close to the warm earth-breast,
Prostrate, alone with God,
Of all his poor and useless ones,
The poorest, useless clod;

And I will pray (so earnestly
He cannot help but hear):
"Lord, Lord, let me take heart again,
Let my faith shine white and clear,
Let me awaken with the earth,
And leave my old self here!"

ELLA HIGGINSON
in *When the Birds go North Again*

An Easter Message

SET aside, if you have ever had it, the notion that immortal or eternal life is something to come by and by, after you have died and risen again from the dead. Understand that immortality is a present possession. You are immortal or you never will be. Then consider what are the laws of this spiritual life, this immortal life, this eternal life, compliance with which is necessary to the maintenance of it. First of all, you must desire it. It must be an object

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of controlling desire. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," but they must hunger and thirst. The second condition of the spiritual life is seeking it from Him who is the reservoir of life. That is, it is prayer; for prayer is not primarily asking for God's things, it is receiving life from God. Spirit with spirit can meet, says Tennyson. Prayer assumes that spirit with spirit can meet. Come to God that you may find strength, health, comfort, inspiration. Some of you will say, First I must know there is a God before I can pray. You are wrong. First you must pray that you may know that there is a God. You must live before you can believe. If you would have a right to the tree of life, if you would have the right to know that there is a tree of life, you must seek this immortal life here, and seek it from the God who is here, and seek it through the channels that He opens for you. Live here and now the immortal life; and then if you are mistaken and there is no life after the grave, still you will have been immortal. We must have the immortal life here and now if we would have a rational hope to have it hereafter. This is my Easter morning message to you.

LYMAN ABBOTT in a sermon preached at Cornell University on an Easter Sunday

Easter

WHEN in the starry gloom
They sought the Lord Christ's tomb,
Two angels stood in sight
All dressed in burning white
Who unto the women said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

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His life, his hope, his heart,
With death they had no part;
For this those words of scorn
First heard that holy morn,
When the waiting angels said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

O ye of this latter day,
Who journey the selfsame way —
Through morning's twilight gloom
Back to the shadowy tomb —
To you, as to them, was it said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need —
Not in the grave, nor the sky,
But here where men live and die;
And true the word that was said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! The angels said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

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